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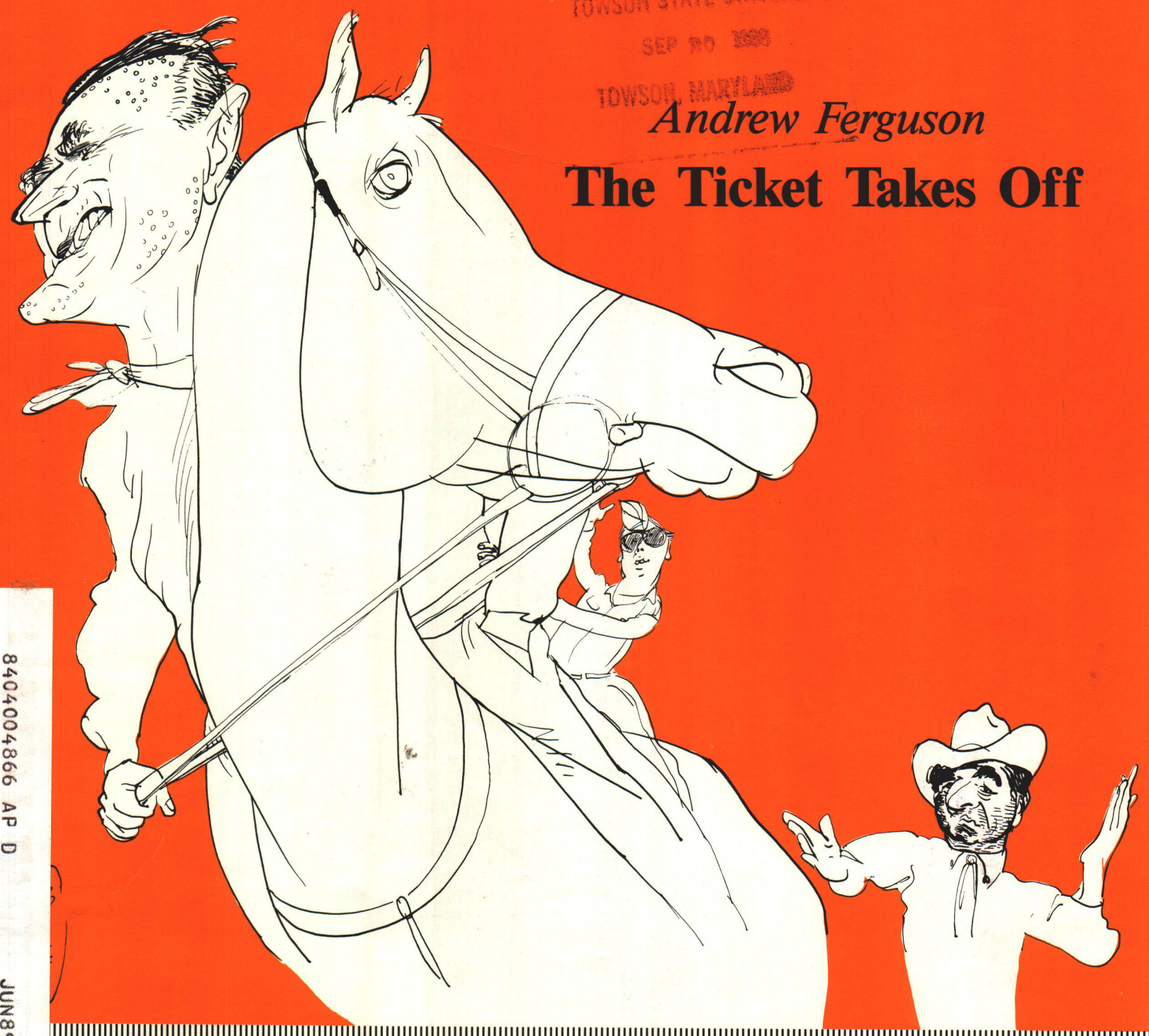

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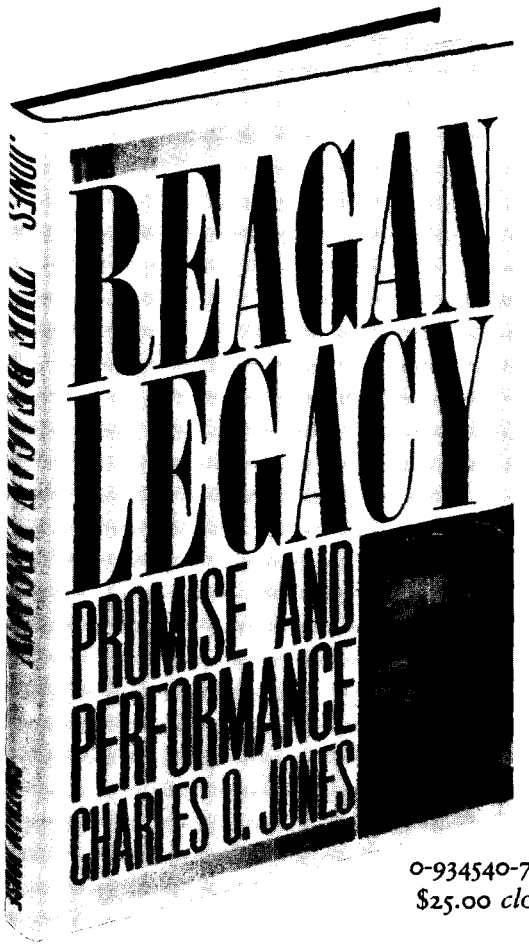

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Saudi Arabia

Does it support America's interests in the area?

Since the fall of the Shah and the great upheaval in Iran, we seem to have designated Saudi Arabia as our "ally", a country whose policies and goals are supposedly in accord with ours and that can be expected to promote our interests and policies in the Middle East and the Persian Gulf area. And Saudi Arabia is generally referred to as a "moderate Arab" nation.

What are the facts?

■ In the 1920's, American exploration firms discovered the world's largest oil fields under the eastern Saudi desert. As a result, the Saudis and their small neighbors became the richest nations in the world, far surpassing in per-capita product and income long established industrial nations. Not content with this enormous wealth, the Saudis spearheaded the creation of OPEC. It is a price-fixing cartel, which would be totally illegal under U.S. anti-trust laws. This cartel has managed to increase the price of oil by more than tenfold. In doing so, the members of OPEC — primarily Saudi Arabia — were able to amass almost unimaginable riches. At the same time, they caused grave economic dislocation to the Western industrial nations and brought ruin and famine to many of the so-called third world countries.

■ What do the Saudis do with all this wealth? Much of it goes to the maintenance of the most extravagant lifestyle of the Saudi "royal" house and hundreds of "princes" and their hangers-on. Some of it goes for ostentatious public projects. But much of it goes to bankrolling terrorists and troublemakers in the Middle East and in the rest of the world. For example, Saudi Arabia is the main support of the terrorist PLO, which would financially collapse were it not for Saudi Arabian aid. Saudi Arabia finances Syria to the tune of $750 million per year. Syria is a close ally of the Soviet Union, a state based on terror, and a sworn enemy of the U.S.

■ The Saudis have participated in every one of the Arab wars against Israel, since Israel's founding in 1948. They are totally committed to continued warfare until what they hope will be the destruction of Israel and "recovery" of Jerusalem. Saudi Arabia has systematically thwarted any peace initiatives to resolve the Arab-Israel conflict, continues to maintain a state of war with Israel, refuses to recognize Israel's right to exist, and perpetuates, through the Arab League boycott, an international economic warfare intended to strangle Israel.

■ The Saudis clamor constantly for more and more sophisticated weapons from the U.S. They claim to need these weapons in order to protect their kingdom, their oil installations, and the Gulf shipping lanes from the Iranians. They have purchased $2.9 billion of war materials from the U.S. and vast additional quantities from western Europe. But now that this arsenal is available and could be engaged, do they use it? Of course not! They call on the U.S. for help.

■ Because of their unwillingness to assist in their own defense, we have had so far to put thirty war ships in the area and thousands of U.S. sailors, whose lives are at risk. Why then, if they refuse to defend their own country, do the Saudis need all this expensive and deadly hardware? To quote the Saudi defense minister: "It is focused on Israel". And he was echoing King Khaled, who said: "When we build our military power, we have no designs on anybody except those who took away our land and holy places in Jerusalem, and we know who they are!". The way things seem to be planned by the Saudis, it may not be too long before their F-15's will join Syria's MIG 29's (also bought with Saudi money) to fight Israel's F-15's in another devastating Middle East conflagration.

■ Are the Saudis grateful to the U.S. for being so generous with weaponry and with protection? Despite the fact that the U.S. Navy is in the Gulf for their protection, the Saudis refuse to put any of their offshore installations and air bases at the disposal of the U.S. The cost to the U.S. taxpayer is a minimum of $200 million. Will the Saudis pick up any of that tab? Of course not! When the Iraqi fighter plane attacked the "Stark" and killed 36 American sailors, the U.S. urged the Saudis to pursue the Iraqi plane and to bring it down if necessary. What did the Saudis do? They flatly refused!

Saudi Arabia is not "moderate". It bankrolls Syria — the Soviet Union's ally and client state — and is the paymaster of the terrorist PLO. Its arsenal is not destined to the defense of its territory against Iran, but for the next "jihad" — what they hope will be the final war of extermination against Israel. They are no friends of America or of the West. They do not cooperate with us in the defense of our strategic interests — they single-mindedly pursue their own agenda. As to the "oil weapon", they wield it ruthlessly to amass the riches of the world and to disrupt the economies of the West.

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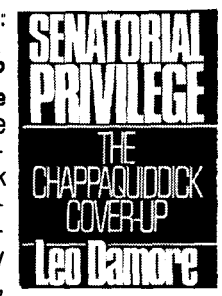

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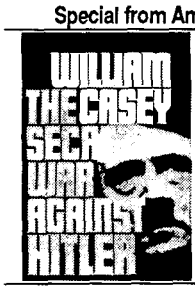

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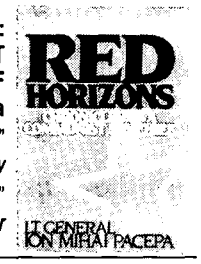

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

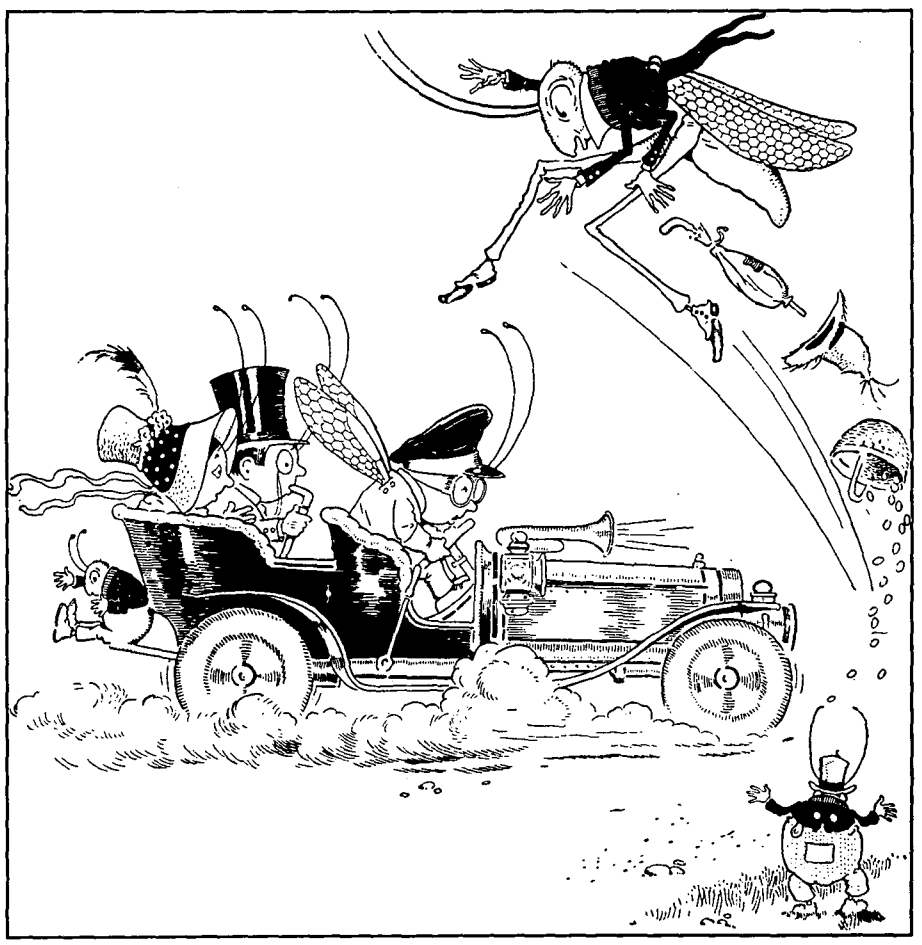
•August, temperatures remained steamy, and Mikhail Dukakis (though he prefers to go by "Mike") developed a tropical case of sex fever. First, in Laguna Beach, California, he said George Bush "doesn't have what it takes," and I don't think he was talking about body surfing. Next, in Bismarck, Missouri, he alarmed locals when he stretched the state's "Show Me" guidelines with graphic descriptions of what he, Kitty, and like-minded Democrats do when the lights go out: "We sound like cats fighting in the night, except when you wake up in the morning all we've been doing is making more Democrats." By the time he got to Cleveland, Ohio, he was spreading lurid tales of "an Administration that's in bed with one of the biggest thugs on the continent." Mr. Dukakis's deviant behavior soon rubbed off on others in his campaign, most notably Miss Susan Estrich, who implied Mr. Bush is someone she'd never go out with: "America's been on a date with George Bush for seven and a half years, and he hasn't made a move yet"—stunningly insensitive talk, this, from the nation's leading authority on date rape. By month's end, Dukakis was in Tanglewood, Massachusetts, cavorting with Mr. Leonard Bernstein, and the *Washington Post* was worrying Dukakis is dead.

•Not that the month was a total wash for the diminutive Duke. On August 24 he won the coveted endorsement of Lane Kirkland's AFL-CIO, this in the wake of endorsements from Sandinista President Daniel Ortega and Nigerian civil engineer Laywola Shoyinka, Dukakis's former classmate at Swarthmore. Shoyinka should not be confused with Nigerian playwright, author, and sometime Soviet apologist Wole Soyinka, though Senator Steve Symms probably will find a way to do just that. Senator Symms got the party of Reagan in trouble on August 24 when he told radio listeners in Blackfoot, Idaho, that he'd heard photos exist from the 1960s depicting Mrs. Dukakis burning an American flag at an anti-Vietnam demonstration. As we all know, those photographs did not survive the fire that consumed the flag.

•There were also signs that domestic policies, the justice system, and criminal behavior were all living up to the little Duke's expectations. The town of Hotchkiss, Colorado, has banned crime on the two days each week its marshal is off duty. Fifty-five years after TVA, electricity has come to Post Mountain, California, and in Los Angeles, an unidentified drunk who was "tired" of walking stole a steamroller and took police on a five-mile-an-hour chase. In Houston, Texas, a judge went easy on convicted bus thief Patrick Carl Johnson, 23, who told the court his love for buses stems from age 11 when his mother dated a bus driver, and in Brisbane, Australia, Justice John McPherson laid out the kind of logic that has balanced ten consecutive Massachusetts budgets when he advised convicted bank robber Patrick Burke that his take would be greater if he applied for unemployment insurance. Finally, and perhaps most appropriately, after six Medflies were spotted in California's San Fernando Valley, officials released four million "amorous but sterile" male Mediterranean fruit flies "tinted shocking pink" over the area with instructions to breed fertile Medflies out of existence. To a Dukakis supporter, small is beautiful, even in large amounts.

•In other developments in the animal world, longstanding French-German animosities resurfaced when a two-year-old cat abandoned its adoptive home in Stuttgart, West Germany, and in a journey worthy of Jean Gabin in *La Grande Illusion* trekked 600 miles to its birthplace in Tannay in central France. Two music lovers were crushed to death at the annual "Monsters of Rock" festival at England's Donington Park racetrack, and a London family on a drive in the country experienced some unpleasantness when a 1,000-pound Holstein-Friesian cow jumped a five-foot hedge and landed on the bonnet of their passing car. But the ultimate revenge of the herds was played out in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where a zoo caretaker fell headfirst into an elephant dung pit.

•Scortatory *artiste* Mr. Martin Scorsese's new film, *The Last Temptation of Christ*, opened to mixed reviews and a religious revival. One defender of the flick was Mr. Clint Eastwood, who elaborated: "Freedom of expression is the American way." Fortunately, the Lord still works in mysterious ways of his own, and a week later Mr. Eastwood's Hog's Breath Inn restaurant in Carmel, California, was shut down by Monterey County health inspectors for violations "too numerous to list." Evidently the place serves meat, and there was blood and spittle on the floor. In Scranton, Pennsylvania, John Ribando has changed his name to Janice Ribando, when Jane would have done as nicely. Meanwhile, one fellow who should have softened his name but never got around to it is Mr. Adolph Hitler Clark, and now he's wanted for murder in Jacksonville, Florida. Mr. John Denver has asked the Soviets for permission to ride on their Mir space station. It will cost him $10 million, but since when has peace come cheap?



•The government of Cuba is defending Mr. Robert Redford for his recent trip to Havana where he participated in a scriptwriting workshop for women. In return, Mr. Redford has dismissed as "quaildroppings" any talk that he bears a resemblance to the new Republican vice-presidential nominee. We can be thankful the press has had fewer reservations about Mr. Quayle. For instance, the *Washington Post*'s headlines for August 17 read: "Senator Selected In Effort to Woo Younger Voters," "A Reagan Conservative," "Hoosier Scrappy, Rich, Telegenic," "Conservatives Laud Choice; GOP Strategists Skeptical." Probably among the skeptical was Indiana's senior senator, Richard Lugar, a vice-presidential aspirant for the last dozen years who this summer fell into an oxymoronic trap when, typically, he described himself as "an enlightened conservative" on the jacket of his new book, *Letters to the Next President* (Simon and Schuster, $19.95). Next thing you know someone will be trying to turn us into "a kinder, gentler nation."

•Like Poland, where Jaruzelski's goons have responded to the latest round of strikes by releasing a new government-sponsored pornographic magazine-cum-manual entitled *Body-Sex-Pornography*. The first edition sold out within hours, but I'm sure extras can be obtained by writing to the press attaché at the Polish embassy or consulate nearest you. Or you might try to reach him at the San Francisco Press Club, where a month after a judge ordered the club to provide female

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members with equal access to its indoor pool, male members are resisting the ruling by continuing to swim in the nude.

•Finally, death took 74-year-old Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Jr., who was said to have found it difficult to live in Dad's shadow. But if you allow the concept of comparable worth to affect your calculations, FDR, Jr. was more than a match for his father. Whereas the old man was elected to four presidential terms, his son was divorced from four different women—and working on a fifth marriage at the time of his death. Death also claimed short-story master Raymond Carver, at 50, an appropriate time for a minimalist to go, and in Washington, D.C., legal mogul Edward Bennett Williams died at 68, the last of the tough and mean Democrats. He will be missed, though not by his party.

—WP

CORRESPONDENCE

For The Record

On page 21 of your July issue, I am quoted as saying something that I cannot remember saying about George Bush ["George Bush, Politician," by Gregory A. Fossedal]. Memories often differ, of course. However, I not only cannot remember the quoted statement; I can't even figure out what it means.

—Thomas Sowell
Senior Fellow
Hoover Institution
Stanford, California

Gregory A. Fossedal replies:

As I wrote to Dr. Sowell a few weeks ago, my recollection is that he made the comment in question at a Hoover reception we both attended early this summer, where I interviewed several of my colleagues about George Bush.

The Silent Boom

Warren T. Brookes's "The Silent Boom" (*TAS*, August 1988) should be required reading for every member of Congress (presuming they are all literate, if not ratiocinative), and one would hope that Mr. Bush, of all people, would take it to heart and answer Mr. Brookes's final question with a resounding "No!"

More than that, the Republicans need to map a campaign strategy that constantly parades the facts and figures of the article before the public. There is no argument more persuasive to voters than following a political course that maintains their economic well-being, notwithstanding the overwhelming journalistic doomsday proclamations.

Mr. Brookes's many comparisons of the U.S. economy with that of Europe and Japan are not only striking but extremely important. We hear much about the Japanese stock market these days but fail to realize how fragile it is compared with ours, with price-earnings ratios in the 70s more commonly than in the 30s (or less), as they are in our country. No wonder they are investing in United States real estate, industry, and hotels!

—Alan B. Fidler, M.D.
East Troy, Wisconsin

While it is vital for the Bush campaign to remind the voters about the "misery index" readings the last time the Democrats occupied the White House, this is not sufficient to assure victory. If Republicans adopt Warren Brookes's tactic of denying there are any economic problems left to worry about, they will lose credibility; especially if they use Brookes's dubious statistics to inflate their claims. The real issue between Bush and Dukakis is who can best handle the problems that remain.

Much of Brookes's data is debatable and his explanations are often fallacious (especially about international debt), but let's concentrate on just two points. First, he measured the increase in U.S. industrial production using 1982 as the base year. Yet 1982 was the bottom of a recession, after production had dropped about 12 percent. He should have taken the production level before the recession hit. That would yield an increase (second quarter 1981 through first quarter 1988) of only 18 percent (2.5 percent per year) compared to 14 percent (3.3 percent per year) for the 1977-81 (first quarter through first quarter) period. Manufacturing in the U.S. is still a smaller share of GDP than in Japan, West Germany, or the EEC average. And the U.S. still suffers a large trade deficit in manufactured goods, meaning that whatever the rate of growth, it has not kept up with demand.

Second, Brookes used family and per capita income to measure progress. This hides the fact that with average productivity (output per hour) stagnant with only 1.5 percent annual gains (second quarter 1984 through first quarter 1988), little progress can be made on an individual basis. The large increases he shows for family and per capita income are the result of an increase in two-income households. This is also represented by another statistic favored by Reaganites, the fact that the U.S. has the largest share of its total population working among industrial nations. Again, the reason is the large number of wives and mothers who have sacrificed the home to the workplace. This may be material progress, but it is not social progress. Besides the negative impact on the family, it also produces such nasty consequences as the demand for government-funded day-care services and mandated parental-leave programs.

And it may not even be as much material progress as it seems. Despite the number of new jobs created, unemployment rates have fallen rather slowly. This is because the rate of growth of the labor force has not been much above the long-run average (the "record number of jobs" comes from the larger population base, not exceptional economic performance). Meanwhile, the economy has had to absorb the higher participation of women. To do this, women have had to represent a relatively cheap source of labor. Also, given their characteristics, they have naturally gone to expand the service fields rather than heavy industry or high-technology. Thus this labor force expansion has done little to increase our economic strength or international competitiveness.

Both the increase in two-income families and the rise in consumer debt represent the pursuit of material expectations that exceed real economic performance. The trade and budget deficits stem from this same collective drive to consume more than we produce. As William E. Simon recently stated, "The worrisome aspect of today's trade deficit is that foreign funds are borrowed, not for investment in the future, but selfishly to finance present

(continued on page 49)

Charlton Heston on *The Last Temptation of Christ*

July 28, 1988

Dear Jack [Valenti]:

Your appearance on Larry King discussing *The Last Temptation of Christ* was eloquent, as you always are. I wish Larry had found an equally eloquent Jesuit to joust with you, instead of that poor nun, with nothing to present but her pain. Still, your First Amendment argument is logically irresistible.

All but alone among nations, our Constitution allows us to say almost anything, about almost anybody. Thank God it does. Only decency restrains us. Would God it always did. Usually, it does. The MPA is not likely to be asked ro rate a film graphically exploring the rape and murder of a four-year-old girl, the amorous adventures of Martin Luther King, or a riotous farce about life in Treblinka. Only the public's sense of what we will tolerate protects us from such scenes. As you said, the First Amendment requires us to wait and see whether this includes a film fantasizing Christ on the Cross imagining intercourse with Mary Magdalene.

I suspect we will accept it. Under the relentless eye of the media, we struggle to be the same, denying differences of gender, religion, ethnicity, sexual tastes. Even the concept of individual quality is scorned as "elitist." There are exceptions. Blacks and Jews, burning with remembered grievance, are at each others' throats without reproach. A Black Caucus is a respected body in the Congress; a White Caucus would be fire-bombed in the corridors of the Capitol. Otherwise, members of the Cabinet, baseball managers, and network commentators are instantly dismissed for racial slurs, while the President is excoriated for setting foot in a cemetery containing Nazi corpses.

Christians, moving towards minority status, have become our only permissible target group. *The Last Temptation of Christ* will be released under the proper protection of the First Amendment, its chance of success enhanced by Christian outrage. At the same time, many of the people applauding this support legislation penalizing the adding of color to films originally made in black and white. (Yes, Jack, I read your letter on that, too. I agree.) It seems to me a somehow smaller issue.

The Bill of Rights is truly a miraculous document. We seem to read it in terms of how it's tilted toward the light.

As ever . . .

[Charlton Heston]

c: Larry King
R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.
William F. Buckley, Jr.

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EDITORIALS

THE ART OF VERBAL COMMUNICATION

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

As the shadows of summer lengthen, does Vice President George Bush ever wonder why Americans seem so nonchalant about his patriotic offer of four more years of public service? For that matter, do any Republicans or captains of industry wonder about the average American's indifference to the peace and prosperity of the present? Other American epochs of common growth have been characterized as an "Era of Good Feeling" or a "Gilded Age." The present epoch is full of gloom.

This ought to trouble our Republican miracle workers. They have brought the Republic to its lowest unemployment in fourteen years. Inflation, now at 4.4 percent, is ten percentage points below the figure the Democrats left us in 1980. The prime rate is twelve points below the Democrats' unhappy legacy. Growth is vigorous, the trade deficit is shrinking, and it is eminently conceivable that our genial President will be the first in the postwar period to vacate the presidential premises leaving both inflation and unemployment at lower levels than when he arrived.

Yet apparently those Americans who are not indifferent to all this good news are downright apprehensive. The Republicans must be wondering why. Internationally, as London's venerable *Economist* notes, "peace is breaking out all over"—mostly as a consequence of the Republican administration's policy of "peace through strength." Early in the administration the President eschewed the liberals' advice, proffered in the confines of vast street demonstrations, that he freeze strategic development or actually unilaterally disarm. Instead he strengthened the military. Now Washington is on the best terms with the Soviets perhaps since both nations fought the Nazis. The Soviets and their proxies seem to be withdrawing from Afghanistan, Southern Africa, and Cambodia. A semblance of peace is returning to the Middle East, and in Nicaragua there is a glimmer of renewed hope for democracy.

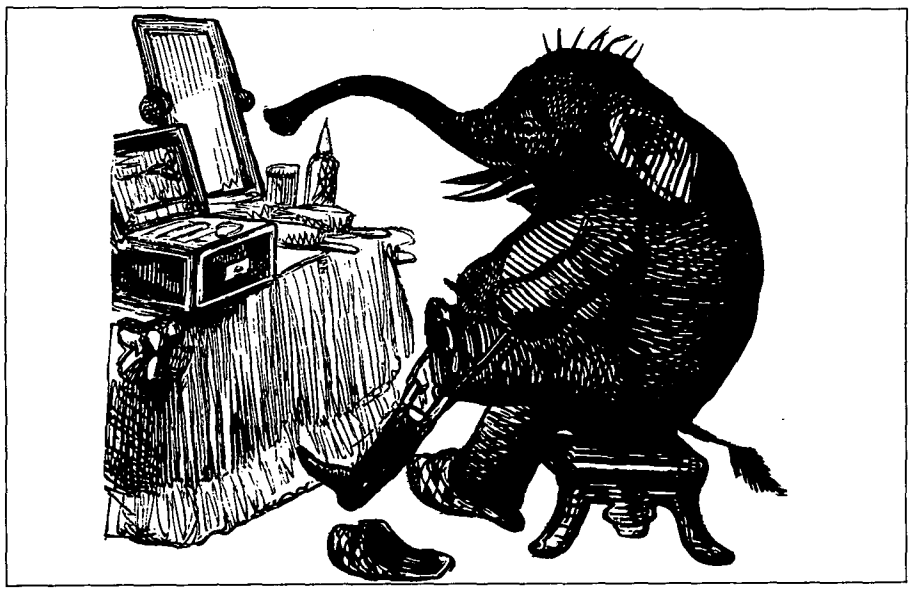
Still, as Vice President Bush will tell you, many Americans do not seem to be grateful. They may replace President Reagan with an obscure governor from Massachusetts, a state in economic malaise, and with no more foreign policy experience than the Boy Scouts of America. How does one explain such ingratitude? I believe I glimpsed the explanation when I sat down to read the morning newspapers one Sunday last month. There I sat in the capital of what is often described as the world's most powerful nation, and I had precisely two newspapers to read, both espousing the same point of view—basically, liberal Democratic.

In London I would have had at least five national newspapers: the *Guardian*, the *Observer*, the *Independent*, the *Sunday Times*, and the *Sunday Telegraph*. The first two are sympathetic to the Labour party in the national debate. The next is pretty much as its name suggests, independent. The last two are sympathetic to the Conservative government. In Paris there is a similar diversity of opinion. Yet in America one gloomy voice dominates all others, at least at the national level. Why is this?

Again the explanation ought to interest Republicans. Englishmen and Frenchmen put more stock in verbal communication than Americans do. Americans are dominated by commercial interests. If they have lobbyists in Washington defending their narrow views, they are happy. Those rare Republicans who own media are purely interested in the bottom line. But the British and the French recognize that media should advance their point of view, not just with respect to a narrow piece of legislation but with respect to a broad range of cultural interests.

In Britain right now as much as 50 percent of the media argues that the Conservative government is good for Britain and that the opposition abounds with mischief. In France the same diversity exists and gives differing political perspectives a voice. In America there is no such diversity, and so the Republicans can only get their point of view to the electorate via the opposition press. No wonder the voters are wary of the present prosperity and peace. They have had to have the Republicans' point of view translated for them by Democrats. The Republicans have not had the wisdom to take verbal communication seriously, save during the campaign season. □

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*



COACH OF A LIFETIME

As the Olympics draw near I am again lured to the sports page, where for a change the paid professionals of sport are being shunted aside by news of sport as it ought to be, amateur sport—though today's amateurs frequently are not the pure amateurs that the Olympic ideal envisaged. The corruptions wrought by money under the table and political shenanigans in the international competition increasingly imperil the amateur ideal. Yet a semblance of amateurism's excitement endures, and an explosion of it at the Olympic swim trials last August induced me to call my old coach and be reminded once again of how important a great coach is to athletics.

Last month a breast stroker, Mike Barrowman, previously ranked seventeenth in the world, dropped an amazing five seconds from his best time for the 200-meter breast stroke, clocking the second fastest 200-meter breast stroke in history. "I was very surprised with my time," Barrowman said. "I had no idea I'd be near that. I looked at the clock and I said, 'No way. It's got to be 2:18, not 2:13.'" Barrowman's astonishment is justified. To improve that much on one's time in swimming today is almost unheard of. The sport is too advanced. Times are too fast. His feat put me in mind of the days when my old coach, Doc Counsilman, was bringing swimming into the modern era. Some of his swimmers dropped five seconds off the world record, and that was merely in practice.

And so I telephoned him back in Bloomington, Indiana, where he trained such legendary athletes as Mark Spitz, winner of seven gold medals at the 1972 Olympics, and Charlie Hickcox, winner of three in 1968, and Jim Montgomery, winner of three in 1976. In the early 1960s when I swam for him, his teams, swimming

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under the auspices of the Indianapolis Athletic Club, often held two-thirds to three-quarters of all world swimming records for men. The only records he had trouble capturing were relay records, which are usually held by national teams drawing their athletes from an entire nation rather than a local team. Doc's teams won seven straight national American Amateur Athletic national championships and six straight national collegiate titles. Twice he has been Olympic coach. He is the father of modern American dominance in this stupendous sport that pits the athlete not only against other competitors but also against the remorseless clock and one of the basic elements of nature, water—now used by me only as an accompaniment to ardent spirits.

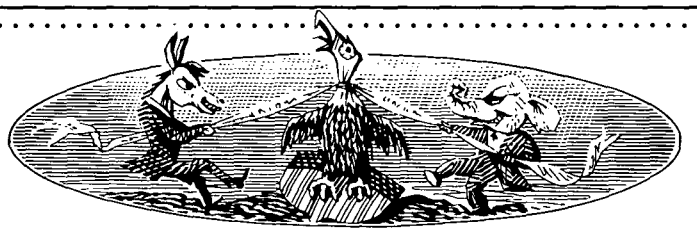
Doc assured me that Mr. Barrowman's achievement was prodigious, but he also was quick to pronounce his high expectations for the American team in the forthcoming Olympics. Two years ago our team performed very unsatisfactorily in the world championships. But the present Olympic trials convinced Doc that our prospects for Seoul are auspicious. "It is the best comeback ever in swimming," he declared. Such a turnaround has not been easy and is certainly unexpected.

Swimming, like track, is now a highly developed sport. The athletes are now testing the limits; and, unlike years past, a wide range of supremely talented and superbly conditioned athletes from many countries are competitive in every Olympic event. They will put in marvelous efforts in Seoul, but the focus of celebration ought not be limited to the athletes. They devote years to their sports, but their coaches devote lifetimes.

Doc Counsilman certainly did. But his devotion was not solely to the sport, it was also to his athletes. He was a major innovator in stroke mechanics, training techniques and nutrition; but he was also a great teacher whose concern extended to his athletes' character. When I swam for him the practices were grueling, but tremendously exciting. Imagine seeing world records set in practice! But in the long hours between practices Doc would encourage us to read. The books of Aldous Huxley and of George Orwell were popular with Doc's swimmers. When we swam in major cities he would drag us off to museums, and his dirty little secret was that he was an opera aficionado who thought we should be too.

Today even amateur sport pays an uncouth solicitude to the bottom line. Many athletes supposedly guided by the amateur code receive financial support that in the great days of amateurism was considered unseemly and illegal. With Doc, the only reward was knowing that you were receiving the best coaching in the world and that you would never have a better opportunity to do your best. It is immensely satisfying to be able to walk away from a sport knowing that you did the best that you could. And one other thing. With Doc sports was always fun, which is the way it should be. Winning is fun, but Doc made even trying to win fun. That is another mark of a great coach and a great man. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



NEW ORLEANS SPELLS NO REAL NEWS

by Tom Bethell

The judges were unanimous. The Strange New Respect Award for 1988 would go *summa cum laude* to Nancy and Ronald Reagan, current address 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D.C. 20500. The award is given annually to political figures who arrive in the capital with conservative notions but who nonetheless demonstrate an unsuspected capacity for statesmanship: they prudently succumb to Beltway pressure, moderate their views, and get in step with the permanent Washington establishment. Previous Strange New Respect winners have included Surgeon General C. Everett Koop, and Senators Alan Simpson and Pete Domenici. President Reagan is the first chief executive to win the coveted trophy.

After the judges' decision became known the White House gave permission for a brief, discreet ceremony to be held in the Rose Garden. The *Washington Post*'s chairman of the board, Katharine Graham, consented to officiate at the ceremony honoring the Reagans. She also presented them with their well-deserved Strange New Respect Trophy.

A frustrated White House speechwriter managed to smuggle out a transcript of the proceedings and added one or two eyewitness details. Evoking Camelot memories of John F. Kennedy, Mrs. Graham praised the Reagans for showing "grace under pressure." With great tact, she made it clear that what she meant by this was that the President had yielded gracefully to pressure from the *Post*. Instead of sticking to his "heartfelt" (but by implication, not-very-well-thought-out) worldview, Reagan had proved to be a quick learner: the world was indeed a more complex place than it might have seemed in simplistic Sacramento.

"We appreciate, sir," Mrs. Graham continued, "that in your new-found enthusiasm for arms control and in your frequent meetings with General Secretary Gorbachev, you defused the Cold War as a potentially divisive issue in the fall campaign, you allowed everyone to breathe a good deal easier on the Democratic side of the aisle, and you showed once again that partisan politics can stop at the water's edge. It was said when you came to Washington—I dare say it was even said in our own pages—that you were *anecdotal*, that you were nothing but an *actor*, prone to *gaffes* but nonetheless a good *communicator* . . ."

How different things looked today, the publisher continued. In the corridors of the State Department, in the House and Senate chambers, and yes, even in the *Washington Post* newsroom, the Reagans were now "widely regarded with a Strange New Respect . . ."

At this a senior *Post* editor, possibly Benjamin Bradlee, threatened to embarrass everyone with a candid aside to the effect that the Reagans had been "pushovers" with little stomach for a fight. "A couple of pieces about Nancy's china and she came out with her hands up suing for peace," he (or someone who sounded remarkably like Bradlee) growled. "She thought she was the First Lady, but she found out someone else was."

Luckily the Reagans, half deafened by eight years of helicopters-in-waiting, didn't hear this frightening assessment, which has been forwarded to the retromingent Reed Irvine.

At this point there was another diversion. Mrs. Graham's daughter, the right-thinking Lally Weymouth, had somehow gained admission to the exclusive event. Out of the blue she produced a placard reading "REAGANS SOFT ON COMMUNISM!" and tried to hoist it in the air, but Secret Service agents swiftly intervened. Once again, it seemed, the Reagans noticed nothing. Mrs. Graham ended the ceremony with the observation that, as far as she was concerned, the Reagans' "place in history was secure." Everyone went home happily, although I gather the Graham-Weymouth feud has continued. A few days later President Reagan headed south for the Republican National Convention in New Orleans.

I moved to Washington from New Orleans in 1975, and had grown curious about the city in the interim. When I stepped outside Moisant airport into the waterlogged air it seemed that someone had left the oven on by mistake. Through the windows of the airport van I caught glimpses of vacant lots overgrown with tropical grass, perspiring tourists in horse-drawn carriages, liveried Negro doormen with attendant porters galore, and the French Quarter locals seated on their customary mid-afternoon barstools.

Inside the cool, cavernous spaces of the Hyatt Regency Hotel, next to the Superdome, the *Washington Post* columnist Richard Cohen commented on the incongruity of a Republican convention in a "Third World city." And indeed New Orleans really did have a Third World air about it. I found it hard to decide whether it had always been that way, or whether it had deteri-

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Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

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orated since I left. New Orleans arouses supply-side suspicions. Would Sherlockian investigations at Price Waterhouse reveal the city to be overtaxed? I refused to accept at face value the explanation that is mechanically offered for New Orleans' ten percent unemployment rate—the oil price drop of the mid-1980s.

At the *National Review* reception I met Ed Renwick, the director of the Institute of Politics at Loyola University. He told me that the city's nine percent sales tax is "the highest in the United States." But other taxes are not high, he said. A *Times-Picayune* editor told me that she pays no property tax on her $130,000 house. The state income tax is (I believe) moderate. Renwick told me that the recently elected governor of Louisiana, "Buddy" Roemer, was planning a special session of the legislature in which taxes would be raised: the property tax exemption would be reduced from $75,000 to $25,000. Over the past two years the number of employees on the city payroll had been reduced by two thousand, Renwick added.

Still, something was wrong (and tax increases will only aggravate it). My old apartment building in the French Quarter looked so run-down that I thought for a moment rent control must have been imposed since I left. But there is no rent control. French Quarter rents are dropping, I was told, and the number of its permanent residents has fallen by half in the last decade. North Rampart Street, never a thriving thoroughfare, looked incredibly seedy with its weary old saloons and its vacant store fronts; its boarded-up, paint-peeling, roach-infested, dry-rotted, musty old structures which haven't seen a lick of paint or a joule of energy since Jelly Roll Morton left for Chicago about the time of World War I.

Across the street stood Louis Armstrong Park, "dedicated April 15, 1980," aspiring to be another Tivoli Gardens but somehow never completed. It was deserted except for a cluster of dangerous-looking toughs waiting to prey in broad daylight on any tourists unwise enough to enter. The streets of New Orleans were far safer when Louis Armstrong still lived in the city (he left in 1922); were safer in fact when I still lived in the city.

"The white flight never quits," an old friend from *Vieux Carré Courier* days said as we drove out to one of those neighborhood restaurants where they serve gumbo, crabs, and catfish. Ed Renwick said he thought that New Orleans was now about 65 percent black, with ten percent of the city living in public housing. One-fourth of the blacks are living at or below the poverty line. Clearly a good many are on welfare, and that may be at the root of the problem. The city has in addition suffered from a never-ending brain drain, starting from the time when "jazz went up the river." A hundred thousand or so boat people, entering New Orleans rather than leaving it, would do wonders for the city. It would be nice if they could come from the Far East, but almost any Communist country will do—provided above all that the new arrivals are denied access to welfare. It's new human capital that New Orleans needs more than anything.

New Orleans spells no real news, and not even 15,000 journalists in the city at one time can change that. There was a good deal of journalistic grumbling about pre-programmed conventions, and questioning whether it is not time that these events went the way of the dinosaurs. But far less significant groups, such as the Shriners and the Pipefitters, seem to find plenty of excuses to hold conventions, and I don't see why the political parties should not convene every four years. Perhaps it's time for the journalists to hold a convention of their own. They could elect Al Hunt of the *Wall Street Journal*, Jack Nelson of the *Los*

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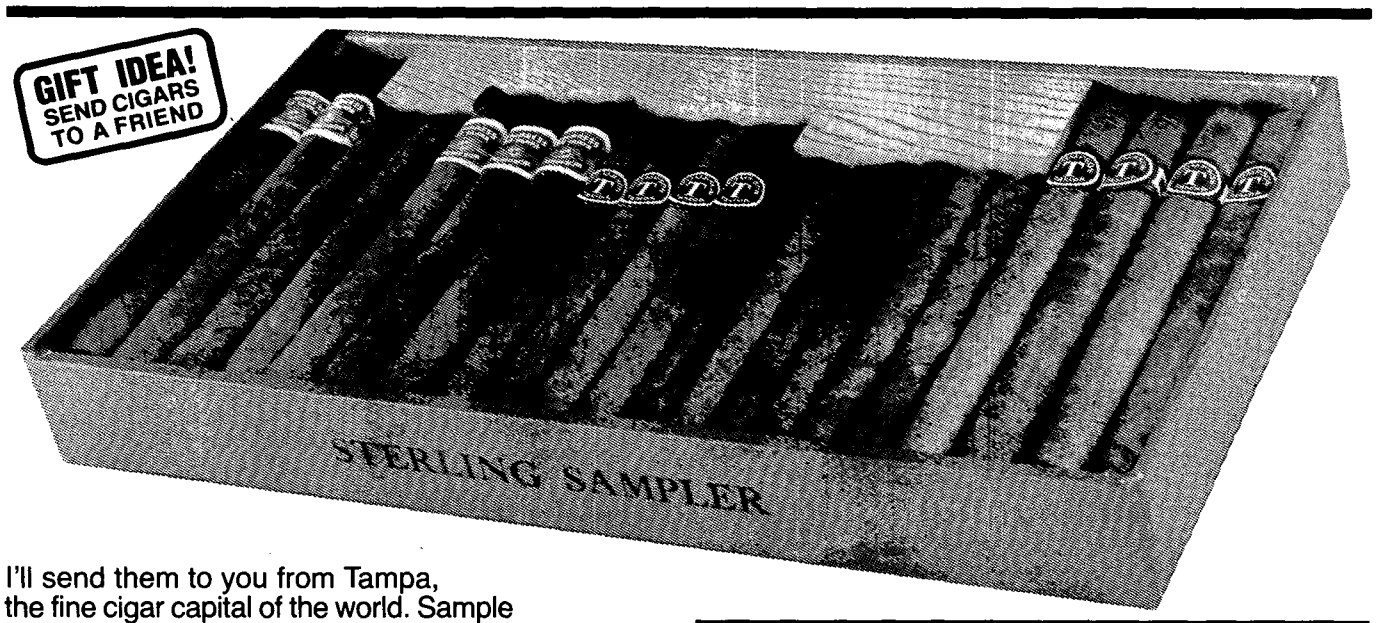

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Angeles Times, and Haynes Johnson of the *Washington Post* cheerleaders of the Conventional Wisdom Brigade.

It's true, of course, that there is not enough convention news to justify the presence of so many journalists. But then they are under no obligation to show up. Some of them would do us all a favor by staying on Martha's Vineyard for the summer. I didn't watch television while in New Orleans, but those who did tell me that Dan Rather & Co. (abetted this year by a superannuated and redundant Cronkite) have become little more than an on-camera sneering squad.

As C-SPAN's successful, gavel-to-gavel coverage shows, modern electronic technology is increasingly displacing the very anchor types and pretty-face interpreters of events who are so eager to tell us that political conventions are a thing of the past. The beauty of C-SPAN is that it can't afford to hire such people. It's the news interpreters like John Chancellor who are headed for early retirement. When we can see with our own eyes (on TV channels specially devoted to that purpose) what is taking place on the podium, we really don't need a sneering squad to tell us that this segment of Republican party film was especially devised to arouse patriotism to dangerous levels and therefore should be kept off the living room screen.

It is a subjective assessment, of course, but the Republican delegates struck me as being a fairly sensible bunch, a good cross section of the tax-paying or donor classes, just as the Democrats represent the social engineers and their clients among the recipient classes. Democratic Congressman Peter Kostmayer of Pennsylvania really let the cat out of the bag when he said just before the Republican convention: "We're not going to blow it this time. Just shut up, gays, women, environmentalists. Just shut up. You'll get everything you want after the election. But in the meantime shut up so we can win."

Vice President George Bush, by contrast, repudiated higher taxes perhaps more strongly than President Reagan ever did, and it was at this point that the donor classes arrayed in front of him cheered the loudest. Bush will win if he can persuade the country that he means it.

I have grumbled in the past about Republicans as politicians who mainly play golf and are content to let the Democrats set the agenda for them. There is still a problem on this score but as a younger generation moves into the party, the problem seems to be slowly disappearing. I don't know what caused it, but there seems to have been on the Republican side a whole missing generation—people now roughly between the ages of 45 and 70. Assistant Attorney General Stephen J. Markman told me last year that the Justice Department experienced difficulty locating in this age group qualified judicial candidates with any real grasp of the conflict of ideas between those who espouse constitutional government and those who support result-oriented government by judicial edict. Both below and above this age range, Markman said, there were plenty of good candidates who understood what the battle was all about.

If it really is true that there has been a "missing conservative generation" in American political life, as I suspect it is, then it has gone largely unrecognized and it would be worth trying to analyze its causes and meaning. One possibility is that we are looking here at the long shadow of World War II, whose dominant and formative influence cowed a lot of people into thinking that united we stand, divided we fall, and that policy should be "bipartisan" whenever possible. The result was that the FDR Democrats stayed in the saddle long after they lost the White House. If anyone has any thoughts on this, please write to me at *The American Spectator*. □

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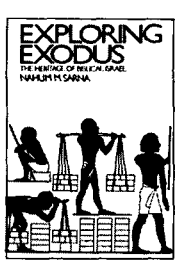

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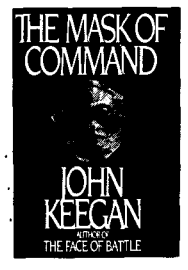

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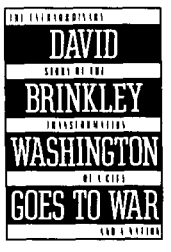

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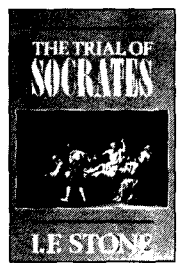

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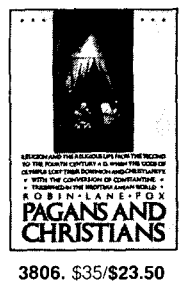

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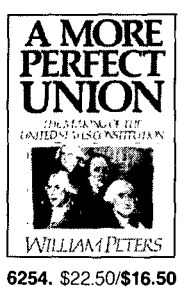

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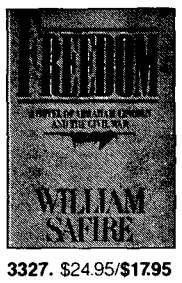

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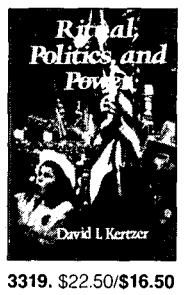

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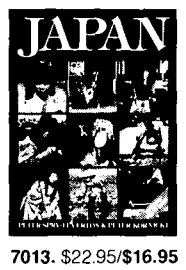

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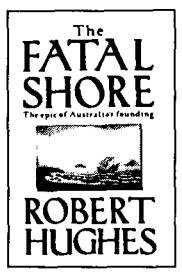

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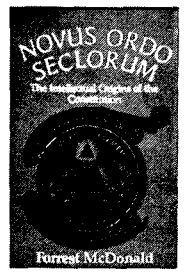

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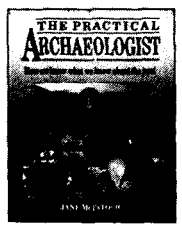

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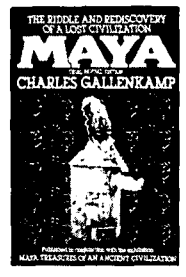

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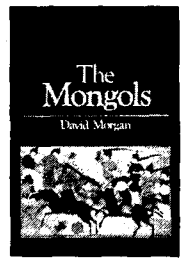

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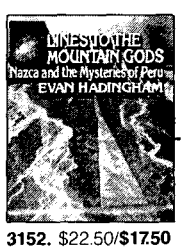

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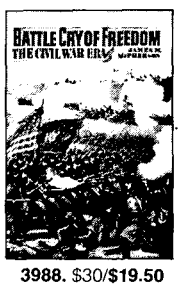

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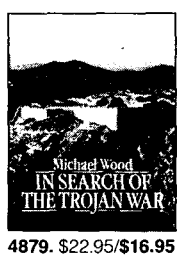

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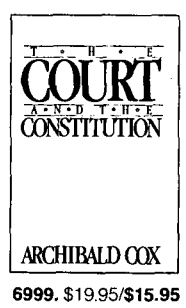

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David Kleck

BAYOU BILLY, DUTCH, AND THE DUKE

Michael Dukakis picks up in the Big Easy where Gary Hart left off.

Before it all blew up with a noise heard around the world, the Louisiana gang sat around and laughed and talked about how they were going to "penetrate" the White House. Bayou Billy Broadhurst over there, the Washington lobbyist, he was going to be the new Michael Deaver or maybe the new Clark Clifford. And there was old "Dutch" Morial, the feisty black ex-mayor of New Orleans, hungry for a cabinet job. They were already calling him "Mr. Secretary." And there was Gary Hart, the ersatz idealist with political cataracts—he was going to be the next President.

History would later record Broadhurst had paid for the fatal yacht, *Monkey Business*, and had invited newsworthy guests to use his four-bedroom Washington townhouse. For more than a decade he had been the man to see in Louisiana and now he was going to be the man to see in Washington. Few people knew their politics better than the genial Broadhurst and in the present instance he was confident he had been promised the keys to Gary Hart's White House. "After this election," he said, "only three people will be able to see the President, and I'll be one of them."

When the ceiling fell in, Bayou Billy virtually disappeared, along with most of the gang; but one of its members, ex-Mayor Eugene Morial, soon found a new home in the high echelons of the Michael Dukakis campaign, in the process turning his back on Jesse Jackson for the second time in recent history.

In the Hart gang's heyday, Billy Broadhurst had also brought in his old law partner, the twice-indicted, never-convicted, fun-loving Governor of Louisiana Edwin Edwards, and his brother Marion, another lobbyist with a retinue of pedigreed patrons. *Laissez le bon temps rouler*[1] was their cry, heard as far away as Paris, Las Vegas, and Lake Tahoe. And there were others, like City Judge Edmund Reggie, the longtime intimate of the Kennedy clan, and the last prior Louisiana link with the White House.

It somehow seems poetic that the clandestine Hart cabal began in the Fairmont Roosevelt Hotel, successor to the old Roosevelt after the San Francisco Swig family had bought it. They altered its name and redecorated, but the memories were lodged in the walls forever. During Louisiana's most traumatic years, when it hovered near dictatorship, this hotel had been headquarters for Huey P. Long and his henchmen. Here Huey's brother, Governor Earl K. Long, had urinated on the rugs, and an ex-New Orleans mayor, Robert S. "Red Light Bob" Maestri, had holed up for years. Heavy were the deals consummated, the plots hatched, but what most old-timers remember are Depression-era cameos like old Governor "Walking Stick" Dick Leche, dancing across the supper club floor, yelling to friends: "Only made $60,000 today . . ."

For those untutored in the audacity of Louisiana politicians, the Hart group may come off as pretty silly. But in Louisiana, those who heard about the gang were careful not to laugh too hard. Indeed, doctrinaire Democrats scrambled to climb on board. After all, in its time Louisiana politics had made many millionaires, and would make many more. You could never tell, could you?

The gang's origins traced back only to 1985, when Billy Broadhurst met Gary Hart via a strategic introduction by Raymond Strother, a Louisiana-born, Washington-based media consultant who had handled Hart's clever first presidential campaign. It was a match conceived in a political Eden: Broadhurst opened an office and took an apartment in Denver to be close to the "next President." He spent what one reporter called an "incredible amount of time" with Hart and soon the Hart people were calling him "Mr. Indispensable." And of course, money was not a problem. Billy had it and the campaign spent it and before long they were calling him "Mr. Deep Pockets."

Things looked good. After all, hadn't one of the key figures said they had old Gary in the sack? "That fellow Hart," the word went, "can hear a skirt lifted in the next parish."

Broadhurst, the ringleader, like his buddy and childhood friend, Governor Edwards, and like Judge Reggie, had come from a little rice-growing town in Cajun country where they eat red hot food, tell crazy jokes, and speak politics with a *patois* accent. Cajun country—Southwest Louisiana bayou country—is the fulcrum of the Louisiana balance of power. After one of his elections Governor Edwards had climbed up on his desk for the cameras and shouted: "Let's hear it for the Coonasses . . ."[2] They had given him his margin of victory.

The Coonass governor ultimately made Broadhurst, his former law partner, the man to see in Louisiana. It was an image cashable at any Louisiana—and some national—banks. Like a bullfrog gulping air, Broadhurst expanded

David Kleck, a lifetime observer and veteran of the Louisiana political scene, now lives in Menlo Park, California.

[1] *Let the good times roll!* Brother Marion had arranged a second-term fundraiser for Edwards—$10,000 a head to fly to Paris and have a Louisiana State dinner at the Palace of Versailles, gussied waiters and all. He filled two planes. "Can you imagine what it was like to walk down the Champs Elysées with Edwin Edwards?" gushed a dazzled matron.

[2] "Coonass" is an unsavory synonym for "Cajun," or more formally, "Acadian"—a descendant of long-ago French exiles from Nova Scotia, memorialized in more romantic terms by Longfellow in his poem *Evangeline*.

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his law offices to three cities and his client list, both legal and lobbying, to a lengthening series of national firms. Along the way he acquired the four-bedroom townhouse in Washington, D.C., where Gary Hart and Donna Rice would titillate the nation.

Besides being the man to see, Broadhurst was the standard beneficiary of Edwards's largesse. The state constantly found use for Broadhurst on state business, even when someone on the state payroll could have done the job. But lush patronage involving huge fees is an old Louisiana industry, as necessary to the economy as crabs and shrimp and crude oil.

Broadhurst first surfaced in New Orleans in the late 1970s, when he opened an elaborate suite of law offices for his firm, Broadhurst Brook, later to become Broadhurst Brook Mangham and Hardy. The location, in the shining new Texaco Center in downtown New Orleans, was in itself interesting. Broadhurst had represented the state in a series of legal altercations with Texaco, Inc. In 1984 the state paid the Broadhurst firm, among other fees, more than $873,000 to investigate the payment of royalties by the giant oil firm. A predecessor company, the Texas Company, had been one of the key players in the wholesale leasing of oil acreage during the Long era. The company had gone so far as to lease a chunk (State Lease 340) of Louisiana offshore areas, thereby pushing the state boundary some 27 miles out to sea, until the preposterous lease was voided in the postwar years.

The upshot of all this was that Texaco agreed to pay the state $200 million, return 37,000 acres to the state, and—more importantly—cover the Broadhurst firm's legal fees totaling more than $1.5 million. The Governor's old friend Billy Broadhurst was becoming Louisiana's ranking lawyer, doing work the fretting Attorney General should have been asked to do: Broadhurst shared with two other lawyers $1 million in fees for defending the state's "first use" tax on offshore gas production. His client list was fast growing to resemble a modest Fortune 500, as the state work continued.

Still, it would be hard to call Bayou Billy evil. He was simply playing by the rules as he found them. Some said he was an able lawyer, though a better purveyor of influence. Others charged that he lacked principles, an almost irrelevant accusation in Louisiana. A mild, understated, intentionally inconspicuous man, his round face and horn-rimmed glasses appeared faintly—and not unpleasantly—owlish.

In the days when Bayou Billy and Edwards had been law partners, there were those who swore they'd seen irate fathers chasing Edwards through the streets of the town. While Edwards insouciantly continued his indiscretions throughout his terms as governor—earning the nickname "Fast Eddie"—Billy's adventures were largely confined to politics and the pursuit of power.

It had been a long dry spell for Louisiana politicians in the nation's capital; but now old Billy, Morial, Edwards, and company thought they could glimpse the light from under the Oval Office door. Bayou Billy could see himself as the number one power broker of the new Hart administration. With President Hart's blessing, he would emerge as indispensable to any number of national corporations. One of the more curious facets of the whole affair was that Gary Hart, the unimpeachable idealist, the new kind of man in government, understood all this going in.

"After this election," Broadhurst said, "only three people will be able to see the President, and I'll be one of them."

The Broadhurst-Morial relationship was truly cemented in 1986, when Morial was president of the United States Conference of Mayors and engineered Broadhurst's selection as the association's lobbyist. The rest followed naturally. When the pugnacious Morial came to the end of his tenure at New Orleans City Hall, to no one's surprise he accepted a predestined invitation to join the Broadhurst firm.

Up to the time Broadhurst whispered in his ear about Hart appointing him to his cabinet, Morial had been a lukewarm advocate of the Rev. Jesse Jackson. But after Bayou Billy's message got through, Morial became a Hart convert and the first black leader of any significance to reject the charismatic Jackson.

A former field secretary for the NAACP and a protégé of A. P. Tureaud, New Orleans' most distinguished civil-rights lawyer, Morial had not always marched to this same drummer. At one time he had said for publication: "Give me a gallon of kerosene and a match and I'll lead the damn parade." The first black elected to the Legislature since Reconstruction—from a poor ward where he did not actually live—he analyzed his service by saying: ". . . you sure had to have a sense of humor to get along with those clowns." A carefully timed vote for a tax increase earned him an appointment as Orleans Parish Juvenile Court Judge, from which he was elevated to the Louisiana Court of Appeals. In 1978, a coalition of liberal whites and consolidated blacks elected him the first black mayor of New Orleans.

Actually, as skin colors go, Morial looks white. He is a descendant of the *gens libres de couleur*, the slaves freed before the Civil War, who had given the city its skilled artisans. His nickname, "Dutch," according to friends from his childhood, is a tribute to his stubbornness and/or his tight-fisted way with a dollar.

With a psyche deeply rooted in racial conflict, and unable to understand—or master—the art of compromise, Morial virtually repulsed, often nastily, white efforts to help his administration. He could not distinguish white opposition to his policies, however well reasoned, from mindless Southern racism. And his language was the semantics of confrontation: "I don't get ulcers, I give 'em."

But year after year, he attracted more heavy contributions than any mayor in New Orleans history, sometimes salting away as much as $1 million, even in an off-year.[3] Democratic ex-mayor Moon Landrieu, Jimmy Carter's Secretary of HUD, and Morial's articulate, racially liberal predecessor as mayor, said of him, "They never gave me anything like that. He actually tells people what to give."

Explains the president of a ranking New Orleans stock-and-bond house, concerning his dealings with Morial: "Sure I gave him $20,000. I'd given him $10,000, but he got so upset I had to give him another $10,000."

Those who know Morial also wonder how the volatile and abrasive ex-Mayor will wear with the national press, should a Dukakis administration take over in January 1989. He has been known privately to threaten and publicly to humiliate reporters. Once, at a birthday reception honoring Japan's Emperor, he ostentatiously poured the residue of his drink into a reporter's Coke. To the carefully orchestrated Dukakis campaign, Morial adds a crashing chord in an atonal key.

If the past is any guide to the future, it is worth reporting that Morial actually entered the mayor's office with a splendid opportunity to unite the city at a critical juncture in its history; but, driven by arrogance and suspicion, complicated by his complete misreading of the white power structure, he split New Orleans from top to bottom, like a stump riven by a giant cleaver. Even then, his motivation was not authentic racism, but personal animosity, increasing in virulence and volume as time passed.

While Gary Hart's star was still rising, the New Orleans group of opportunists grew larger and louder, brassier and more confident. Hart would fly to Louisiana; there, under Broadhurst's tutelage, he would meet some of the state's key players. They sat around laughing over good wine and Creole food, chiefly entertained by their own certainty that anything was possible when you had brass and big money, and that they had both of those, and a lot more besides: The convention was coming and Hart was a sure bet to be nominated. If the Republicans nominated Bush, it would all be over before it started, they told each other. It was a sweet and nourishing dream.

And then it all blew up. Beautifully. The *Monkey Business* and Broadhurst's Washington townhouse passed into history. The governor of Louisiana declared: "When Billy was pimping for me he was more discreet," then left for a secluded ranch in Texas.

When the smoke cleared away, Morial was the only member of any consequence left standing. Local wits said that, in the months leading up to the Iowa caucuses and the New Hampshire primary, Morial interviewed candidates Gore, Gephardt, and Dukakis. He shrewdly chose the Massachusetts governor, turning his back for the second time on Jesse Jackson. Even though he had attained some national standing as president of the Conference of Mayors, Dutch knew he would have been lost in the host of black leaders around the Reverend.

With Dukakis, however, he easily attained celebrity and an important step upward toward that long-sought cabinet post. In no time at all he was regularly visiting Massachusetts, giving pre-convention political seminars for selected leaders, his rank in the Dukakis campaign hierarchy attested by the fact that he reported exclusively to the Duke and campaign manager Paul Brountas.

Louisianans who know the ambitious Morial are now asking not what does *Jesse* want, but what does *Dutch* want? Will a Democratic victory bring a new kind of cabinet officer, one who thrives on confrontation? Why did Dukakis embrace the fractious black leader, when Jesse Jackson had already contributed a plethora of battle-trained black political organizers to the unified party?

It would be difficult to give Morial high marks on influencing black votes, but it must be remembered that in the arcane precincts of black politics, white politicians are still poorly versed

[3]In Louisiana, candidates may put campaign surpluses in their pocket, after paying proper state and federal taxes on them.

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and much beholden to black experts. It is no secret that in New Orleans, whence Morial comes, black leaders equipped with computers and other modern political weapons have made themselves millionaires in the merchandising of the black vote. It is conjectural what kind of a due bill the tough little ex-mayor will lay on Dukakis.

What do Dukakis and his people really know about the man they salvaged from the old Hart gang? Probably no more than the people of New Orleans did when they first elected him mayor. As one New Orleans observer said, "I think Dukakis's people know Dutch is tough enough to stand between Mike and Jackson, and that's the game they're playing."

One is reminded, however, of the words of Ronald Reagan's icon, Calvin Coolidge, who said: "If ten things are coming at you down the road, nine of them are bound to run in the ditch before they get to you." Considering that the Democratic nominee already had Jackson to deal with and now he has Morial, it might be well if someone told Dukakis to find a place with lots of ditches. □

J. Anthony Daniel

CAPITAL TAKES TO SPACE

There's money to be made—if you can get around NASA and its empty promises.

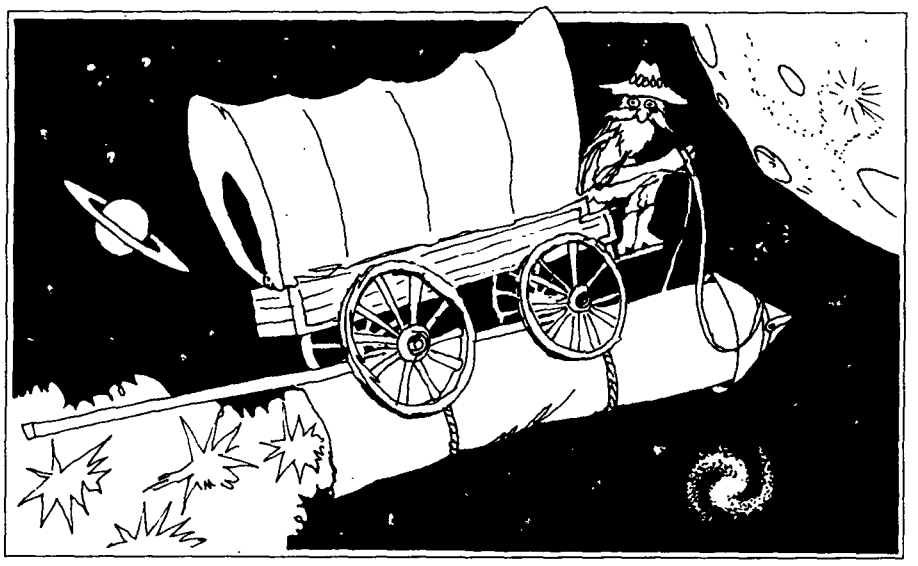
Only two forces, for the most part, can drive people into space: love and money. When love of adventure—of finding out things no one has known before—combines in the same person with an instinct to make a buck, the mixture is potent indeed. Take David Hannah, a Houston real estate magnate. Along with former astronaut Deke Slayton, Hannah runs and provides the financing for Space Services, Inc., a rocket company. Space Services plans to be one of the first concerns to blast private payloads into orbit for a profit. Their expendable launch vehicle (ELV), the Conestoga, is a workhorse that is at base a redesigned Redstone rocket—the same class of rocket that first carried a U.S. astronaut into space. Hannah claims that people laughed at him when he began Space Services in 1979. But Hannah has either provided or found the financing for his dream, and expects eventually to make $100 to $120 million a year with a twelve-launch schedule. And if the market calls for it, Hannah sees no problem with sending up people, too.

Where man or his machines go, sooner or later business follows. Along with loving, warring, and creating art, commerce is one of the things human beings naturally do—even when they are falling around the earth at 25,200 miles an hour. There are those who disagree, of course, and until 1986, they stood guard at the gates of the heavens, excluding some and intensely regulating all others who wished to get into space.

J. Anthony Daniel, TAS's 1988 summer intern, studies film at the University of Southern California.

"My personal view," said Carl Sagan before the National Commission on Space, "is that the exploration of space should be done on behalf of the human species, and not on behalf of the profit motive of a few people. It's too important to go back to the model of the robber baron." Bevies of small-is-beautiful types and other groups on the left would agree. We should treat space, they claim, as we treat Antarctica—as an international scientific playground, with no individual ownership of property and off limits to anyone not highly trained in keeping the place untouched.

And of course the Soviets would agree with at least some of Sagan's sentiments. The Soviet space program has gone its steady, unspectacular way over the years, absorbing losses (some of them horrible) in stride, never making a secret of its final goal: orbiting industrial collectives. Cosmonauts—the Soviet version of the techie—have set numerous endurance records. Since we don't usually hear of Soviet space setbacks, many in the West see the Soviet space effort as a true success of central governmental planning. Why couldn't NASA do the same?



Until 1986, NASA had the cheapest rockets in town. Unfortunately, they were rockets subsidized by the U.S. taxpayer. Aside from facing a Congress moved in large part by Saganite sentiment, NASA had compelling economic reasons to follow the Soviet model. While the U.S. has never lost an astronaut to space exposure, the American space program has suffered an analogous fate: after the stunning Apollo missions of the sixties and early seventies, NASA looked to be alive and kicking, bringing us Skylab and the Apollo-Soyuz rendezvous. But the fire had gone out of the public and seemingly out of NASA. What were we doing up there anyway? Funding was reduced; the last three lunar landings were scrubbed. Skylab, originally conceived of as the first in an infrastructure of space stations, was manned by only three crews. NASA's focus changed from ventures to systems; after sending men 216,420 miles into space and back, NASA began to devote one quarter of its budget to a system designed to put people about 300 miles up—barely outside the atmosphere.

As the cost of the Space Shuttle's development rose (we've invested about $40 billion to date in the shuttle) and voter enthusiasm for space exploration died down, Congress asked NASA to try and make the shuttle pay for itself. NASA set out to do so. The more launches and the less time between launches, the quicker the fixed cost of developing the shuttle could be recouped. To get more launches, the shuttle needed more satellites to send up. Since it did not have to make a profit from these manifests—NASA is a government agency, after all—a shuttle flight could cost a client whatever NASA wanted it to cost. Actual costs, all things considered, are nearly $10,000 a pound. Guess what: NASA charged substantially lower than the cheapest commercial rocket, thereby undercutting its private competitors. Further: after a bureaucratic battle, the Department of Defense was told to stop buying rockets from U.S. aerospace companies, and to use only the shuttle. The expendable launch vehicle industry was decimated.

"NASA is the outfit that did everything they could to ruin any kind of private, domestic rocket business," science fiction writer and early SDI advocate Jerry Pournelle told me. "Every time anyone came up with a way to make money out of space, NASA

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would go around to their potential customers and say, 'Look, you don't have to finance the development of any [launch] competition to us. We'll fly your mission and we'll do it at a rate lower than those guys will give you.' NASA systematically, and with malice aforethought, went out and dismantled the private launch business in America."

Consciously? Perhaps. NASA, completely committed to the shuttle, took its own time-tested ELV, the Saturn V rocket, and "laid it on its side as a lawn ornament," as Pournelle puts it. According to John S. Lewis of the University of Arizona, the last remaining set of plans to the Saturn V was given away during a Boy Scout paper drive in Huntsville, Alabama.

Then came the *Challenger* explosion. Horrible as it was, the consequences might have been worse if a shuttle had blown up, say, two years later. The rocket assembly lines of the big three aerospace companies—Martin Marietta, General Dynamics, and McDonnell Douglas—would have been scrapped, with a three-to-five year re-starting wait, according to Edwin A. Deagle, Jr., of Hughes Aircraft. As Deagle notes, it was not *Challenger* that left us grounded; U.S. space policy had quietly destroyed all rocket production in America. Where did companies and countries who wanted to launch satellites go?

Many went nowhere. With the failure of the Army's Titan IV the U.S. was out of roads into orbit. Europe's Arianne—a quasi-private ELV blasting off out of French Guiana—was completely booked. Then it failed. The West was left without one reliable system. Meanwhile the Soviets were going full strength, even testing their own Saturn V clone, the Proton. Soviet space stations are little more than tin cans falling around the earth with two or three cosmonauts aboard. Reports say they are smelly and cramped. But unlike Skylab, they stay in the sky. The Soviets are able to conduct long-term microgravity experiments and study the effects of weightlessness on the human body over several months, which is essential research for a Mars mission and, eventually, the industrialization of space.

Many capitalists with grounded satellites would have loved to use the Soviet capabilities to get their birds up, but the satellites' high tech legally prevented Western business from doing so. Yet some companies tried to get around the restrictions. One, Payload Systems of Washington, D.C., has an agreement with the USSR to do protein crystallization experiments on the Mir space station. Everyone else had to wait.

Now things are looking up. *Challenger*'s aftermath transformed NASA. Rocket assembly lines in the U.S. are rolling again—and not only for the big three suppliers of private rockets, Martin Marietta, General Dynamics and McDonnell Douglas. Brash start-ups are trying to give the big three a run for their money—so far with limited success. The big three have a lead in that they had off-the-shelf rockets (otherwise known as missiles) already in production. Martin Marietta's Titan, with estimated costs of $100 million a launch, is the true giant of the lot, lifting up to 10,000 pounds (the size of the largest of satellites).

Commerce is one of the things human beings naturally do—even when they are falling around the earth at 25,200 miles an hour.

General Dynamics' Atlas-Centaur and Mac's Delta-2 will take 5,000 and 3,200 pounds, respectively.

One rocket company executive has called these the Indy cars of the rocket business, designed for performance, not cost-effectiveness. The niche which newer companies hope to fill is in the general, all-purpose rocket that could not deliver a warhead to within miles of a silo, but can throw things off the planet well enough. Space Services' Conestoga is a perfect example of such a beast. Space Services is planning to tie a bundle of seven ELVs together and ignite them simultaneously—this would provide the thrust necessary to take a satellite to geosynchronous orbit (22,300 miles out). The company launches its rockets off an island on the southeast Texas coast (all have been tests so far). That way, if the thing blows up (one did), the shards will fall into the sea and not into people's living rooms. Not only concern for safety but insurance costs dictate the site position. Insurance has become the major expense in space operations; insuring a launch can cost hundreds of thousands of dollars. Added to the replacement cost of actual systems is liability coverage. No one is exactly sure how far legal blame would extend if, say, a misguided private rocket crashed into Buenos Aires. There are treaties making most governments wholly responsible for their national launches, so insurance companies aren't taking any chances.

Most ELV services plan to launch out of government-owned sites—a situation analogous to airlines flying out of municipal airports, they claim. These sites include Cape Canaveral, Vandenberg Air Force Base, and Virginia's Wallops Flight Facility. Several communities are in various stages of planning spaceports and wooing users. There are two requirements: industrial support and nearness to the equator. Rocket companies want to assemble their ELVs right next to where they will fire them off. That way they do not need the extensive checks which disassembly and reassembly after transport require. Even more important is proximity to the equator. There the earth is spinning its fastest, and rockets can use this spin as an extra push (or, more precisely, the extra spin means they don't have to catch up with the earth later) to save fuel—lots of it. Moreover, since most satellites are going to be orbiting directly above the equator, they can save on fuel spent getting into position once they are up in the sky. Obviously, the choice U.S. sites are Florida and Hawaii—and both states are gearing up accordingly. Especially in Hawaii's case, the launch site would be surrounded by water so that discarded stages or errant rockets could fall only into the sea. Several other nations are also vying for a spaceport, with Australia in the lead. In the end, several smaller spaceports will most probably be built—which may be for the best, considering where relying on single systems has got us in the past.

Space Services' closest competition is AMROC (the techie new name of what was the American Rocket Company), of Palo Alto, California. AMROC has test-fired its rocket engine, which uses solid fuel sprayed with a liquid oxidizer (compared with Space Services' liquid oxygen-kerosene Conestoga engine) but has not actually flown anything. Both companies are trying to capture the under-3,000-pound payload market. Close behind them is a third tier of ELV services, among them CONETEC, E'Prime, Pacific American Launch, and LTV.

Most of these companies have rockets that are not very different from old missiles. This choice, they believe, is less risky and costly than developing new systems. Some entrepreneurs have other ideas, though. For instance, Third Millennium of Washington, D.C., headed by the former chief of shuttle design for Rockwell International, Len Cormier, aims to build a "space van," a shuttle-like creature that will piggyback to high altitude on a 747, then fly into orbit under its own power. The craft would be piloted by a human being—but more like a Federal Express pilot than an astronaut. After climbing to 210 miles, he would drop the payload and then bring the van in for a conventional landing.

Within the next twenty years or so, even stranger schemes are possible. SDI researchers in high energy physics are in the early stages of developing free-electron lasers. These incredibly powerful devices could be trained on the bottom of an object and vaporize controlled portions of that object—giving the thing a hotfoot, as it were. Small packets could, in this way, be hotfooted up into orbit, since every action (streaming vapors, for instance) has an equal and opposite reaction (a small satellite flying into space, for example). After the R&D has been paid for, how does $8 a pound per spaceshot strike you?

And what do we want to send up with all these rockets? You may hear wondrous tales of orbiting pharmaceutical plants and gallium arsenide chip factories in free-fall about the earth, and these may be whistles in the dark of a mineshaft that is about to hit paydirt. For the moment, however, satellite communication and remote sensing are the only producing veins. Take communications satellites: modern birds, as they are called, are essentially packets of transponders—a device that catches a signal beamed up, amplifies it, and retransmits it to a receiving station. They are 22,300-mile-high radio towers. Each transponder can handle between 500 and a thousand telephone conversations or one television channel. In all, there are about 1,000 transponders orbiting the earth, enough to produce a temporary transponder glut. There is also fierce competition from fiber optic technology (see Malcolm Gladwell's "The Fiber Optic Revolution" in the August 1987 *TAS*). Nevertheless, this alleged overabundance of resources will no doubt evaporate as more and more uses are found for them. At present, many phone calls, cable television, and—increasingly important—business data transmission fill most of the frequencies. There are plans for a nationwide paging system and, with the expected fall in the price of satellite dishes, a reinvigorated satellite TV market. We have about $7.5 billion invested in communications satellites, with a return of about $3 billion a year. Big money indeed.

Since remote sensing satellites went up in the late fifties, oil and mineral riches have been discovered from space and intelligence gathering made vastly easier. Everyone is familiar with the pictures from Landsat (now controlled by a semi-private company) and from the GOES weather satellites on the evening news. Nobody dies anymore because he doesn't know a hurricane

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is coming. Not only lives but money is saved using weather satellites. One concern, Oceanroutes, of Palo Alto, California, takes data from weather satellites and other sources to produce routing recommendations for ships that sign on to the service. Average cost is about $700 per ship per trip. Larger ocean-going ships cost about $1,000 an hour to operate. Figure an average of four hours saved per trip. Not a bad deal. About 1,000 ships a month, 80 percent of the market, use Oceanroutes.

Dallas's Hunt Oil Co. uses Landsat images to search for oil. "You can acquire the satellite image of anywhere in the world. You don't have to get anybody's permission to get it," said Calvin F. Miller, a senior geologist at Hunt. "You can evaluate these areas without having to go in and do anything. Then, you might want to get a concession and go exploring for oil. Landsat has helped the oil business a lot, and with a better imager up there, we could do even more." With the competition for launches and a resulting reduction in cost, a remote sensing satellite (or even satellite system) better than Landsat—even than the French SPOT—could be orbited.

Why is private initiative suddenly out of the corral and charging into space? The chief reason is that NASA is no longer allowed to fly commercial payloads into orbit and DOD can purchase ELVs once more. By and large, the shuttle will be restricted to research and development activities and some military missions. Which is as it should be.

"NASA should be limited to exploration of space and advanced space hardware—which could be transportation hardware to get us off the planet, as well as hardware for traveling around in space once we get there," says Arizona's William Ganoe, an expert on space commercialization. "NASA should act as a customer wherever and whenever appropriate."

Aside from just staying out of the way, the best thing NASA could do is to find cheaper ways to get into orbit. Despite rosy predictions in the sixties of launch cost of a few hundred dollars a pound by the late seventies, the cost of getting into orbit is still incredibly high, with everything figured in. In space, it is the weight-to-income ratio that determines profit. The area around earth can be likened to a deep hole, with water and life—the earth—at the bottom: a gravity well, if you will. To get from the surface 22,300 miles out to geosynchronous orbit requires vast amounts of energy per unit of mass. Geosynchronous orbit—a position that allows a satellite to hang seemingly motionless over a patch of ground—is valuable real estate indeed, for that is precisely where communications satellites must be placed. There are various international laws and treaties allegedly governing the use of outer space. In 1976, eight equatorial nations signed the Declaration of Bogota, claiming that the geosynchronous orbital plane is theirs. So far, no one takes them very seriously, but this portends the sort of trouble human doings in space may one day cause. For the moment, high-orbit space and beyond is a libertarian's paradise: if you can get there, you can do whatever you want, more or less.

Because the shuttle only goes about 300 miles above the earth, satellites launched from the shuttle must climb the rest of the way under their own power. ELVs can carry satellites all the way up, but no matter how you do it, it costs plenty. If those costs could be brought down, new uses could be found for the weightlessness of free-fall. Perhaps then we would see those drug and chip factories—and much, much more. Here is where NASA could make itself useful.

There are possibilities on the drawing board, with President Reagan's vaunted "Orient Express" being the most promising for early development (Michael Dukakis, incidentally, is opposed to the spaceplane). Currently a joint project of NASA and DOD, the spaceplane would take off and fly to the upper atmosphere like a jet airplane. Then rocket motors would take over and carry it on out. The craft would then either go into orbit or descend—after a very short time in the air—in, say, Japan (the Orient in "Orient Express"). Air transportation as well as space access would be revolutionized. A jet engine uses oxygen from the atmosphere to react with its fuel—thus it doesn't have to carry liquid oxygen as rockets must. And whatever capacity is not used for liquid oxygen can be used for payload. The spaceplane is exactly the kind of project that ought to be NASA's bread and butter: advanced, risky, initially unprofitable. After all, if it hadn't been for war research, would we have cheap air transportation (and clogged airports raking in money) today? NASA has been accused of inflating its "spin-off" claims to get extra funding. Wouldn't it have been cheaper, ask critics, to invest directly in, say, making computer chips or Tang than have the space program do it by accident? Such criticism overlooks the fundamental fact of scientific research: you don't know what you're going to find when you start out. Planetary exploration is just the same. Research, inherently unprofitable at first, should be NASA's raison d'être. NASA should be the province of scientists doing science, rather than—as is still too often the case—scientists trying to do engineering.

"NASA systematically, and with malice aforethought, went out and dismantled the private launch business in America."

Take an example: the Hubble Space Telescope has been dry-docked for years now, waiting to get up. This is partially due to the *Challenger* explosion, but getting it there is something the engineers could have done long ago. We've had the know-how since before the launch of Sputnik. NASA should have been more concerned with studying the stars with a functioning telescope—put up with an ELV if necessary—than devoting one-quarter of its budget to shaving minor inefficiencies from the shuttle rocket performance. This is a job for engineers in the private sector who will make extra dollars if they can pull it off (and who know when to stop when they can't). Fortunately, new director James Fletcher seems to be heading NASA in the right direction.

When we have a cheaper way up the gravity well, space will truly become our next economic frontier. NASA needs to be preparing for this by researching ways for folks to stay alive and make money there once we have our easy ride up. This is the sort of research made to order for the shuttle bay and, eventually, for a space station and lunar base.

"We've got to do our homework," says Ganoe, "before we can really go out there and build a large industrial base in space. There are so many neat things about micro-gravity—the hard vacuum, the weightlessness, continuous solar radiation in certain orbits and so on—it seems intuitively obvious there will be many things that can be done there. We just don't understand what and how to do everything yet."

Companies that exploit the off-the-shelf technologies of satellite communication and remote sensing pioneered by NASA and DOD are now well established, and new ones are springing up every day. And space technology is paying off in some unexpected areas. For instance, an enterprising amateur archaeologist who works for a concern that interprets Landsat data for other users recently found a series of Mayan ruins in the jungles of Mexico by using computer-enhanced Landsat images. He probably saved millions of dollars and many years of searching by pre-Columbian archaeologists. Who knows what we will come up with next? A cable draped down from geosynchronous orbit to the earth would be stationary in relation to us surface dwellers. Imagine a series of elevators going up and down a bundle of such cables (skyhooks, they are called) powered, perhaps, by free-electron lasers. The costs of getting into space would drop more precipitously than the costs of computers have over the last twenty years. Remember what the laying of the railroad did for the American West. Multiply that a thousand times. For the first time, families—nations—rather than a few machines and their techie pilots, would be exported into space. Living in space might become as natural to some of our great-grandchildren as living in Oregon is to Oregonians. Technology and the press of commerce are leading us in such a direction.

Like Europe sitting on the shores of a huge ocean extremely difficult to cross, looking with hungry eyes across the Atlantic to the New World, we are on the edge of space, seeing only indistinctly what might await us there. Death in space is smooth and quick. With one quick cough you will expel your lungs' contents. Your sweat and tears will freeze, and your oxygen-starved brain will drift away seeing an unpleasant haze. Your body does not explode. Fluids evaporate and the body becomes desiccated, freeze-dried. Without looking closely, one might think you were sleeping. At the moment, space is not a very hospitable place for man; it is not home. It is the frontier and the human race is in the pioneering stage of its journey. Ultimately, capitalism and traditions of individual worth will drive the West onward and upward, while the Soviets' essentially self-limiting goals (and self-limiting economy) will keep them in low-earth orbit for the most part. Space will be commercialized, because commerce is what humans naturally do. □

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Werner J. Dannhauser

ALLAN BLOOM AND THE CRITICS

In the eighteen months since the release of *The Closing of the American Mind*, reactions to the book have increasingly come to confirm its thesis. What's happened here?

1.

When discussing Allan Bloom's *The Closing of the American Mind,* I bring to my task not the dirty hands of feigned objectivity but the clean hands of a friendship generously acknowledged in the book.

Friendship does not preclude difference. Bloom loves Reason a bit more than I do, and I love Revelation a bit more than he does. However, the main difference between us is that Bloom's mind excels mine; he tells me so himself.

2.

Most books don't make waves, rather resembling pebbles that cause ripples in a vast pool of indifference. In the beginning, nobody—not the publisher, not Bloom, and not his friends—expected more than modest sales. The gloomy hoped only for a respectable reception; those of a sunny disposition, like me, dreamed of a sale of 50,000 along with a bit of a stir.

Then the book took off, selling some 500,000 copies, riding the best-seller list for nearly a year, and even now moving briskly as a paperback. Howard Cosell, Bill Buckley, and David Brinkley interviewed Bloom, whose picture kept cropping up in magazines, sometimes on the cover. "Bloomian" became an adjective and Bloom dined with the President. What happened here?

3.

Since nobody quite knows what causes books to sell, one can simply say that for once a fine book got the recognition it deserved. That happened, but requires elucidation in our vale of tears. How did this reward of virtue come about?

The book's subtitle—"How Higher Education Has Failed Democracy and Impoverished the Souls of Today's Students"—points to a huge potential audience. Education occupies a prominent place on the nation's agenda of worries, and college students together with graduates probably constitute a majority of the reading public. No doubt the book appealed to parents, college-educated or not, who knew in an inchoate way that something was wrong with higher education. They had watched their children go off to get a liberal education and come back with all sorts of substitutes or by-products: addictions, neuroses, unearned cynicism, a sense of emptiness. *The Closing of the American Mind* promised to tell it as it is, and delivered on its promise; it situated the troubles everybody sensed and saw in a larger context without omitting specifics, like the youngsters' predilection for rock.

The book not only captured the attention of parents concerned for their children; it also appealed to students themselves. A closing mind is not yet closed, and the young used Bloom's book to catch a glimpse of themselves. That at least is what many students have told me. Some weeks ago, on a plane, as I was looking through *The Closing of the American Mind* again in preparation for writing these words, the young man sitting next to me volunteered: "That's a *good* book." He was a graduate student of physics, an admirer of Hans Bethe, a participant in anti-nuclear demonstrations, and he was engaged to a Presbyterian clergywoman. What did he like about the book? Its passion and its honesty.

Perhaps Bloom's audience includes a whole army of "unlikely" readers, people who take to the book because of its tone, its voice. According to Saul Bellow, "Professor Bloom has his own way of doing things." Going his own way, Bloom startles one with a fresh perspective. We have pondered the crisis of our time so long and so helplessly that we welcome a new investigator on the scene, one who pays little attention to the usual suspects—TV, technology, bureaucracy—and instead casts suspicion on Machiavelli, Rousseau, Nietzsche, Heidegger. What is more, those who write about our present discontent seem above all to be tired, tired, tired. By contrast, Bloom manifests a prodigious mental energy and a flamboyance that keeps us on our toes. Unafraid to take risks by being personal, he compels admiration for his lavish expenditure of effort.

None of the above wholly explains what happened. Everybody knows, or ought to know, about the role of luck, or chance. In this case, fortune took the form of unusually favorable early reviews.

4.

Christopher Lehmann-Haupt began it all with his unstinting praise in the *New York Times* of March 23, 1987, calling *The Closing of the American Mind* a "remarkable book . . . which hits with the approximate force and effect of what electric shock-therapy must be like." Combining a deft summary of the book with an appreciation of its virtues, he also foretold the future by noting that "this book is going to make a lot of people mad." To his credit, he did not let impending controversy stop him from taking a serious book seriously.

Throughout most of May last year, a chorus of acclaim greeted the book. Roger Kimball in the *New York Times Book Review*: "*The Closing of the American Mind* is that rarest of documents, a genuinely profound book. . ." S. Frederick Starr in the *Washington Post Book World*: "Few books in recent years come close to Allan Bloom's grand tour of the American Mind either in the ambition of their reach or in the breadth of their grasp." Donald Kagan

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in the *Washington Times*: "This is an amazing and wonderful book that penetrates the encrusted surface of American intellectual life, reveals the confusion and emptiness that lies beneath it and explains how things got this way."

Choice words, these, especially since their authors include a college president, and a distinguished professor of classics and history. One might, of course, contend that much of this praise should be dismissed because it comes from sources right of center, but the liberal media alas proved to be rather kind. Both *Time* and *Newsweek* hedged their bets, mixing snideness and obtuseness with their wonder at the work's success, but the articles were of the kind that elicits gratitude: they publicized the book and they spelled the author's name right.

Astonishingly enough, the earliest serious review from the left turned out to be as good as an honorable man of the right (that is my description of Bloom, not his own) could expect from an honorable man of the left. Robert Pattison, in the *Nation* of May 30, 1987, attacked *The Closing of the American Mind*, but he approached it with genuine respect. He viewed Bloom as teacher, politician, and philosopher and found him a worthy adversary. For example, he graciously wrote "Bloom the teacher is always astute and scrupulously fair," scored some minor points, but consistently took the higher road of claiming Bloom lacked "a sense of compassion" as opposed to a sense of justice. One might argue that by giving Rousseau his due, Bloom had also given compassion its due, but a more fitting response to Pattison's analysis is: fair enough.

By the end of May, then, a consensus in favor of *The Closing of the American Mind* seemed to be emerging. A number of the early reviewers had warned against a coming campaign of vilification against the book, but one was now tempted to dismiss their fears.

5.

Then the fall-out began to hit the fan. The accolades kept coming in, as when George Will stated that "Bloom's best seller is a . . . sign of the high level at which many Americans can be addressed," but at the same time the reaction to the book began to descend to low levels boggling the mind, including a comparison to *Mein Kampf*. Soon I will be heaping contempt on certain specimens of this virulence, especially on those beneath contempt, but the reader may be helped by an overview. Having read almost every review of *The Closing of the American Mind*, a numbing labor, I have been able to identify the sixteen—count 'em—most frequent charges against it. Here they are, in no particular order. Bloom has been repeatedly accused of (1) idealism, (2) sexism, (3) racism, (4) elitism, (5) Straussianism, (6) esoteric writing, (7) sloppy writing, (8) absolutism, (9) making scapegoats of students, (10) ignorance of professional philosophy, (11) un-Americanism, (12) failure to understand rock music, (13) pessimism, (14) uncritical advocacy of The Great Books, (15) bad scholarship, and (16) neglect of religion. That's all.

6.

Toward the end of his life, Captain Dreyfus reportedly said about charges leveled at yet another innocent French officer, "Where there's smoke, there's fire." Confronted by the above list of accusations, one naturally wonders about which of them are true, and to what extent.

Astonishingly enough, the earliest serious review from the left turned out to be as good as an honorable man of the right could expect from an honorable man of the left.

Simply to confess it: *The Closing of the American Mind* has its faults. (Remember, you heard it here first.) I have previously had occasion to refer to Bloom's personal tone or voice: whoever touches this book touches a man, and that man has warts. So do his critics, but they use cosmetics. A friend of Bloom's aptly remarked that Bloom has "bottled himself" in this book, so what he says comes pouring forth with an exuberance making him vulnerable. Here and there he exaggerates; now and then he paints with too broad a brush; occasionally he omits important matters.

One can also sympathize with critics who regretted his "massive silence on the whole subject of Christianity" (Kenneth Minogue, in the *Times Literary Supplement*), his general lack of regard for religion as "an influence on modern society" (Robert Bellah, in the *New Oxford Review*). These strictures carry weight because they come from more or less friendly sources who found things to esteem in *The Closing of the American Mind*.

7.

Having praised Bloom by damning him faintly, and having shrewdly conceded that *The Closing of the American Mind* lacks perfection, I return to an analysis of the accusations against the book. They came from both sides of the political spectrum.

The attack from the right included, sad to say, a review in these very pages by Charles Kesler (August 1987). For Kesler, Bloom is something of a Buckley-come-lately who confirms the diagnosis of *God and Man at Yale* thirty-five years later but who lacks Buckley's credentials as a conservative. The gravest of the various grave deficiencies Kesler thinks he discerns in *The Closing of the American Mind* is a failure to appreciate the grandeur of the American regime, above all of its Founding.

Now it is true that Bloom finds flaws in the founding principles—Lockeian in a decisive sense—of our country, which are decisively modern and thus partake of the problematic modern lowering of standards in order to guarantee actualization. Such an estimation, however, in no way precludes patriotism; in fact, it is a part of the self-reflective kind of patriotism a democracy like ours ought to cherish. In no way does it follow from the fact that America is not heaven that it can't be the best place on earth. Moreover, a true patriot must come to terms not only with the vulnerabilities of his country, but with the force and strength of the principles that would undermine it—hence Bloom's entirely justified insistence on giving a thinker like Rousseau his due. Ironically, at times the dismay with the book on the right seemed to stem from the same source as delight on the left; what was understood—or, rather, misunderstood—as the anti-Americanism suffusing it.

According to a kindred criticism of the author, he was far too gloomy. Almost nobody cares for a pessimist, especially if he speaks about his country's crisis or decline. Eva Brann, who cannot be called a member of the left, assured readers of the *St. John's Review*, that if Bloom had looked away from the modern university to "more or less obscure little schools" he would have discovered that "the spirit lives in the sticks." Maybe so, but with all qualified respect for St. John's, and Eva Brann's swinger prose, those of us who have dealt with its graduates find no reason for rushing into the streets to celebrate the vitality of *Geist*.

8.

The assumed superiority to *The Closing of The American Mind* was trans-ideological, but it was hardly trans-academic. After the professional reviewers had their say, professors took over, gleefully picking at nits, flaunting their contempt, very often for no other apparent reason than the book's sales. In some circles, success automatically arouses suspicion.

Show me a professor and I'll show you somebody who wants to write a best-seller; I have nurtured such dreams myself. Some of us, however, freely admit to our foibles and enjoy vicarious satisfaction from the triumphs of our friends. Others succumb to envy, malice, and resentment, the besetting vices of university faculties.

The IQ's of academics may exceed the national average, but when it comes to character we fall way below the norm. Unfortunately, I am not a poet or a novelist so I cannot do justice to this theme. I can only urge those who doubt my description to come to Cornell, where I would be happy to offer documentation. Indeed, Cornell would be a fine place to test my hypotheses, because here Bloom draws fire not only because he has recently become famous but for the previous crime of having been a great teacher of Great Books. Moreover, as a professor there he witnessed the shenanigans of 1969.

9.

While it is true that both the right and the left have poured out their wrath on *The Closing of the American Mind*, it is also true that the heavy preponderance of the venom emanates from the left. A prior question thus surfaces again: What happened here?

The 1980s, with the election of Ronald Reagan, unquestionably dealt a blow to the suffocating left-wing orthodoxy that has dominated our intellectual life for much of this century. But as time passed that blow proved to be far less fatal than the right hoped and the left feared. The effect of the Reagan years began to seem shallow and transient. In 1986 the Democrats regained control of the Senate, and when Bloom and his friends were worrying about the forthcoming reception of *The Closing of the American Mind*, we spent even more time speculating about the ramifications of the Iran-contra affair. Then, even while the American reading public forced Bloom's book into the limelight, the nation was preparing for the confirmation hearings of Robert Bork. By this time the left had smelled blood, and it rushed on to one of its most unsavory victories.

The same curdled energy focused now on Bloom, who was hitting the left where it lived, the universities, the stronghold it has always taken for granted, and with good reason (show me a professor and I'll show you someone who mocks Ronald Reagan).

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10.

I return to the specific criticisms of *The Closing of the American Mind.* The charge of Bloom's misunderstanding of rock music finds me unprepared to respond because I am tone-deaf and unable to understand any music, except perhaps "Moon River."

Some of the criticisms can't be tied to any one source because they pervade many reviews. The most pervasive one of them all concerns Allan Bloom's absolutism. According to the standard line of argument, he must be guilty of absolutism because of his sustained critique of relativism, particularly cultural relativism, right? Wrong. Relativism and absolutism are the two varieties of *dogmatism* opposed by Bloom. One claims to know all the true answers; the other claims to know that nothing is true. Socratic skepticism, the will to an open horizon, operates between these two imposters, analyzing human ignorance of final answers, but taking its bearing by the permanence of the questions. Bloom makes all this clear enough, but necessity excuses my kindergarten recapitulation.

11.

The first really negative review came not from the Far Left but the Near Left. On May 25, 1987, Louis Menand picked on the book in the *New Republic* and thus began that journal's veritable obsession with Bloom, "a man who knows his own mind, and who thinks well of what he finds there." But what Menand found there is not what exists there, as when he declares that "the most notable feature of the book is its attack on youth . . ." The notion that Bloom makes a scapegoat of students entails a serious misreading. The book is dedicated to his students, and an easily demonstratable love of the latter suffuses its pages. It is a far cry from identifying students as the victims of higher education, which Bloom does, to blaming the victims, which he does not do.

Menand also charges Bloom with idealism. Bloom is guilty, believing as he does in "the primacy of ideas," but so what? The question is whether materialism can provide a coherent account of the world. In various books cherished and taught by Bloom, that question is debated with a profundity unreached by Menand, who thinks he has trapped Bloom by conceding that the intellect affects history but asking "What affects the intellect?" The answer, of course, is that the intellect affects not only the intellect, but a lot more.

12.

A. J. Ayer, who brought us logical positivism, and thus the demise of philosophy departments as places in which one could profitably study philosophy, griped against Bloom in the London *Sunday Times* for ignoring, presumably because of ignorance, professional philosophers in the United States. Instead Bloom has taken seriously "the unbridled metaphysician, Heidegger." That sounds right. Then Ayer listed six people to whom Heidegger "cannot hold a candle," including a world-historical figure like Roderick Chisholm. Who would have thought so?

13.

Two condemnations of Bloom must be noted for the record. As a professor, it is my happiness that neither comes from the pen of a professor.

The fulminations of David Rieff, in the *Times Literary Supplement*, easily match the vituperation anybody else has leveled against *The Closing of the American Mind*, though Rieff has stiff competition in the race to defame my friend. He compares Bloom with Ollie North, both dangerous figures of "the American Right." Bloom easily emerges as the more sinister of the two: he "takes no notice of the beauty of the American landscape" and he "has contempt for the senses." Occasionally, Rieff tries to argue seriously, as when he denies that obedience is a democratic virtue, conveniently forgetting about obedience to the law. The rest of his observations are somewhat less coherent, since he loses control on account of his "hate filled self-regarding spleen," one of his more pleasant descriptions of *The Closing of the American Mind.* His opposition honors Bloom.

No issue of higher education could possibly be discussed or resolved without comment by Fred Hechinger, the leading "expert" on the topic for the *New York Times*, who rendered judgment in its pages on October 6, 1987. By this time many of the best charges had been preempted so Hechinger had to repeat the canard about "Bloom's contempt for modern youth." He also became the 318th sage to proclaim that since *The Closing of the American Mind* was finding such a huge audience The American Mind must still be open. Moreover, he decried Bloom's reference to Margaret Mead as a "sexual adventurer." That description may be based on nothing more substantial than rumors spread by her many lovers.

14.

Everyone I know predicted that the *New York Review of Books* would trash *The Closing of the American Mind,* but who would do the trashing? The assignment fell to Martha Nussbaum, a classical scholar. If she failed in writing the world's most devastating put-down it was not for lack of trying, but because, as my unscientific survey reveals, so many people had difficulty coping with her tiresome prose.

It is a far cry from identifying students as the victims of higher education, which Bloom does, to blaming the victims, which he does not do.

Professor Nussbaum's review (November 15, 1987) bore the title "Undemocratic Vistas," and Bloom was denounced not as un-American, but as undemocratic simply, an opponent to rule of the many, an elitist. That labeling, however, was done more effectively a bit later by critics like Benjamin Barber. Her strangest characterizations of Bloom refer to his "religious conception of philosophy" and his presenting himself "as a profoundly religious man." In this respect, she might enter into a fruitful dialogue with Robert Bellah and Kenneth Minogue; may the best person win.

More nearly novel is Professor Nussbaum's depiction of Bloom as a sexist; she provides the scholarly background for Betty Friedan's remark that Bloom wants to put women back in their girdles. Leaving foundation garments aside, I take Professor Nussbaum's argument to run as follows. According to the Stoics, who were correct, philosophical education should be practical, active, and "*broadly distributed*" (emphasis hers), which is to say that both men and women can "do" philosophy. Feminism is one of Bloom's "central targets" and Bloom also alleges that Plato is not serious about the equal education of women in *The Republic.* How this chain hangs together beats me, for why shouldn't somebody who detests excessive feminism and who doubts Socrates' seriousness in Book V of *The Republic* nevertheless preach and practice the equal education of women in today's world, as Bloom does? But one must assume this line of reasoning if one is to account for Nussbaum's beginning with a long quotation from Musonius Rufus, "the distinguished Roman Stoic philosopher." Why couldn't she come up with a similar quotation from Epictetus and/or Cicero? Why does she have to rely on "the well-known evidence of Oxyrynchus Papyrus 3656"?

As can be seen from these samples, Professor Nussbaum's learning is nothing if not ostentatious, and she places it in the service of her primary mission, the discrediting of Bloom's scholarship; a task for which she arms herself with six hefty footnotes. Some of these are simply ridiculous, as when she illustrates Bloom's "startling ignorance" of the critical and rationalist tradition of Classical Indian Thought, by referring to a piece of work Bloom could not have read because it has not yet been published—a work co-authored by Martha Nussbaum. Another one is surpassingly odd and raises the crux of her case against Bloom.

Having tartly noted Bloom's general failure to provide "precise references" for his interpretations of classical philosophy, Nussbaum makes an imprecise exception for a definite interpretation Bloom presents at the length of "about a page and a half," in which he "alleges that *The Republic* does not seriously propose the ideal city, the rule of philosophers, or the equal education of women. *The Republic*, he writes, ironically undercuts itself and actually teaches to those in the know the impossibility of what it seems to advocate." Now Bloom does hold this view, but no such passage exists in *The Closing of the American Mind.* The footnote asserts that the same view is asserted in Bloom's notes to his translation of *The Republic.* Wrong again: it is asserted in the interpretive essay accompanying the translation, which, by the way, all by itself attests to Bloom's competence to deal with classical texts. →

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Much is at stake here. Nussbaum introduces an issue Bloom raises *elsewhere* in order to find him and "his teacher, Leo Strauss" incompetent as interpreters of classical philosophy. She is far too certain of her ground when she maintains quite erroneously that Bloom's and Strauss's view is "bizarre and not accepted by any major non-Straussian interpreter" of *The Republic*. Before the nineteenth century, and even later if one counts Nietzsche, that view was held by thinkers of the stature of Cicero, Thomas More, Rousseau, and Pascal. Let a quotation from Pascal suffice to make my point, because unlike Nussbaum, he does not differentiate at all in this respect between Plato and Aristotle:

> If they [Plato and Aristotle] wrote on politics, it was as if laying down rules for a lunatic asylum; and if they presented the appearance of speaking of a great matter, it was because they knew that the madmen, to whom they spoke, thought they were kings and emperors. They entered into their principles in order to make their madness as little harmful as possible.

15.

So we come to the present year of Bloom-bashing. In *Harper's Magazine* of January 1988, Benjamin Barber began with a barbed question: "Why are liberal critics and egalitarian educators beside themselves with admiration for what can only be called a raging assault on liberal tolerance and democratic education?" They aren't.

Yet, in spite of his exasperation, Barber paid some handsome tributes to *The Closing of the American Mind*, even while, or especially when, calling it "a most enticing, a most subtle, a most learned, a most dangerous tract." He found it a worthy object of opposition as "one of the most profoundly anti-democratic books ever written for a popular audience," and he advanced a complicated explanation for the fact that Bloom seemed to be defending democracy instead of attacking it. Barber's Bloom is a philosopher—something Bloom never calls himself—and a disciple of Leo Strauss.

Now in the book Bloom mentions Strauss only once and in passing, but that is, I think, due to modesty and a wish to stand on his own two feet amidst controversy. Barber is right in thinking of him as a Straussian, but his line of reasoning is too clever by half. He seems to think that because Strauss rediscovered the art of esoteric writing, Strauss himself wrote esoterically and taught Allan Bloom to do so. Thus when Bloom writes about democracy he does not mean what he says or say what he means. Get it? Got it? Good.

Barber's thesis just won't wash. Leo Strauss discussed esoteric writing, akin to writing between the lines, in *Persecution and the Art of Writing*, but there he maintains that "reading between the lines is strictly prohibited in all cases where it would be less exact than not doing so." It is a last resort, not, as in Barber's case, a first or second resort. The difficulty one has in understanding some of the books of Leo Strauss, especially his later work, is sufficiently accounted for by the fact that he is commenting on difficult texts. As for Bloom, I hope he will not be insulted when I declare that he is not all that difficult to understand.

Thus, Barber's contention that Bloom is anti-democratic goes against the grain of common sense. The two men do, to be sure, have different understandings of the true nature of democracy, with Barber favoring direct participatory democracy, as opposed to liberal, representative democracy. But that means that Barber's real quarrel is not with Bloom but with the latter's source of inspiration, Tocqueville.

One can also sympathize with critics who regretted his "massive silence on the whole subject of Christianity," his general lack of regard for religion as "an influence on modern society."

16.

Richard Rorty also opts for democracy, but without Benjamin Barber's genuine wit. Writing about Bloom in the *New Republic* of April 4, 1988, he has the misfortune to be rebutted conclusively by Harvey C. Mansfield, Jr. I commend their exchange to one and all, especially Mansfield's splendid defense of *The Closing of the American Mind*, which (along with H. D. Forbes's review in the *Idler*) is much the best thing written about the book. All those who carp against Bloom's elitism and conception of democracy should ponder the following statement by Mansfield which I quote because I cannot hope to match it:

> A liberal democracy such as ours is the kind of democracy that makes room for outstanding people—for a "natural aristocracy" in Jefferson's phrase. Our founding principles provide freedom for the ambitious in politics, business and culture. . . . This does not mean that ambition should live unchecked, but the general rule for business and culture has been the one stated by Madison for politics: let ambition counteract ambition. The result is the pluralism we take pride in. Elitism is a necessary feature of pluralism.

Rorty, to be sure, does not directly charge Bloom with elitism. His denigration of the latter bases itself on a Deweyan historicism and relativism. Those who want the genuine article when it comes to relativism and historicism should turn to Nietzsche, who is even better than Bloom's sensitive rendering of him.

17.

At the end of his review of *The Closing of the American Mind*, Bernard Rosenberg, in the spring 1988 issue of *Dissent*, finds it hard to think of a more expendable book. Near the beginning, he catches Bloom using some infelicitous prose. In between, he vents his bile not only on Bloom, but on Saul Bellow, Conor Cruise O'Brien, Bernard Lewis, Mary Ann Glendon, and Walter Berns for praising the book. He levels a whole galaxy of accusations against both Bloom and Strauss, most of which I have dealt with previously. He also perpetrates a prodigious number of errors for one review, some of which deserve mention here if only to document the depths to which the Old Left has descended.

Bernard Rosenberg asserts that David Grene called Bloom a "bloody lunatic" when, alas, he called Leo Strauss that. He contends that according to Strauss "every philosopher wrote *only* between the lines"—whose lines did he use to write between? He garbles quotations about Margaret Mead and John Dewey that he ascribes to Bloom. He claims to have read *The Closing of the American Mind* "syllable for syllable—and more than once," but when he insists that Bloom never mentions Tocqueville's conviction that the price for democracy was worth paying he must have missed some syllables on page 227. Moreover, when he says that Bloom "despises Locke," he simply doesn't know what he's talking about; in fact Bloom praises Locke on, among other places, page 293, in one of the paragraphs containing an awkward sentence Rosenberg holds up to ridicule.

One can only hope that this rant made the folks at *Dissent* feel better.

18.

Bernard Rosenberg also claimed to find a "slight touch of racism" in Bloom, and therewith joined a whole chorus of slanderers.

As far as I can tell, this particular slur was first publicized in the *Chronicle of Higher Education* of January 20, 1988, reporting a speech given by Clifton R. Wharton, Jr., former chancellor of the State University of New York. Wharton went so far as to state that Bloom's views made "ordinary garden variety racism seem almost benign." His irresponsibility was brilliantly exposed in letters to the *Chronicle* by Werner J. Dannhauser and Arthur Kruger, but by that time the damage had been done. Columnists like Clarence Page (*Chicago Tribune*) and Chuck Stone (*Philadelphia Daily News*) wrote in a similar vein.

The Closing of the American Mind contains not one shred of evidence for the charge of racism, a term with only one viable definition: the evil of inflicting injustice on other people for the sole reason of race. Bloom's "offense" has been to note, with sadness and regret, that relations between the races in the universities have deteriorated. He does severely criticize the idea of Black Power and affirmative action for their part in bringing about this lamentable state of affairs, but if one is unable to do that without incurring the ugliest of epithets, "racist"—and it begins to look like that—public discourse should close up shop.

Today the charges of racism and sexism are easy enough to refute but next to impossible to erase, having become the most obvious tools with which scoundrels can bludgeon those who see through them. As a result the universities, where these terms are bandied about recklessly, have become far less free than the surrounding society.

19.

Writing about "Allan Bloom and His Critics" I have been less than just to *The Closing of the American Mind*. I have been unable to convey a true sense of its splendors, and above all of the delights one experiences in following the author's attempts not to change the world, but to understand it. Bloom has succeeded in presenting us with what he sets out to present, a genuine "meditation on the state of our souls."

Many cynics have told me that in response to his detractors Bloom must be laughing all the way to the bank. It may be only fitting and proper to declare open season on a successful book. But slanders like racism and sexism are no laughing matter. They scar a man and they poison the wells of honest controversy. Bloom and his friends, however, can find a bit of solace in the fact that the tirades against *The Closing of the American Mind* prove something about the closing of the American mind. □

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Algis Valiunas

BLACK AND WHITE MISCHIEF IN CHICAGO

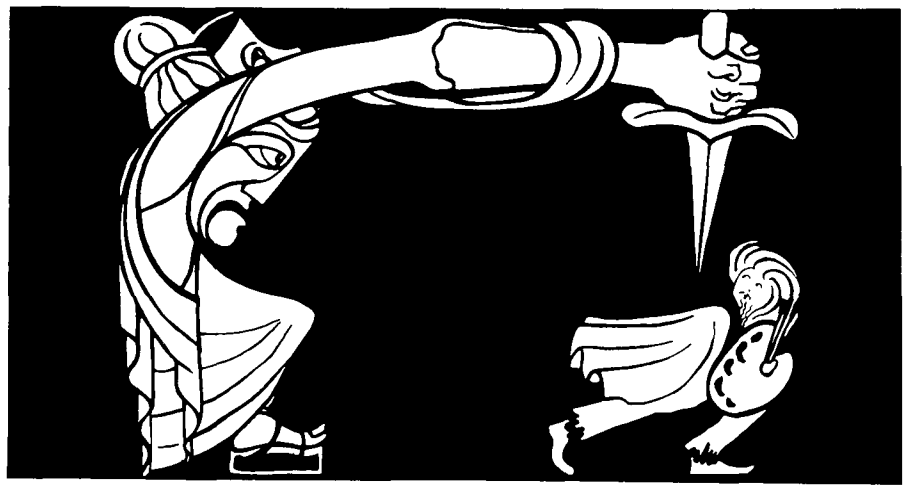
Only lunatics can survive in this asylum.

"The Republican Party killed Robert Kennedy so they could raise the price of everything. It had nothing to do with religion." Declaiming at midday on the corner of State and Monroe, in the teeming Loop, the speaker was scrungy, buffalo-bearded, and ablaze with visionary fires. The man was obviously crazy as could be; he was certainly a nuisance, and possibly a menace. Yet the form his madness took was somehow comforting nevertheless, though not of course to him. In Chicago these days, political hallucinations about murder committed for the sake of something so unoffensive, so clean as simple greed seem as innocuous and quaint as stories of leprechauns. Besides, one is downright grateful around here for outbursts of public dementia that everyone can immediately agree are insane. Matters are vastly more complicated and vexing when one man's maniac is another's messiah. It is far easier to ignore a lunatic harangue when it has nothing to do with religion. Which is a discreet way of saying—not that anyone in these parts has bothered much with civility for some time now—when it has nothing to do with race.

"The AIDS epidemic is a result of doctors, especially Jewish ones, who inject the AIDS virus in the blacks . . . . Now what's so outrageous and extremist about that?" About *saying* that, the speaker—another gentleman altogether now—surely meant. The actual doing that, he evidently disapproved of, even if he didn't come right out and say so; and this unspoken understanding of his that such things ought not be done does him far more moral credit than anything he actually did say. But to return to the saying that, about doctors' spreading AIDS: the question of its outrageousness must be taken in context, as the saying goes. Saying that, after all, is really no more outrageous than saying this: "I tacked [my repudiation of Christianity] on the cross and served notice that white supremacy and the symbols of white supremacy have been ruled off limits for people of African heritage. I served notice on the cross. . . . I said I am against everything [the Christian symbols] stand for."

Ordinarily, hearing such remarks would move one to dismay at the awful plight of raving paranoiacs recently deinstitutionalized; in this case, however, the orator was resting comfortably in what might be considered the city's foremost institution: the Office of the Mayor. Steven Cokely, a thirty-seven-year-old black man, was Mayor Eugene Sawyer's liaison to community organizations; the City Council chose Alderman Sawyer to replace the late Mayor Harold Washington last December. Cokely had been a member of Sawyer's aldermanic staff since 1985. Cokely's true vocation, of course, lay outside conventional politics. What he will be remembered for is the spiritual instruction he offered, in lectures delivered between 1985 and 1987 and recorded for posterity, to Louis Farrakhan's Nation of Islam. Elevating pig ignorance to the nobler status of imbecility militant, Cokely ranted mostly about "the Jew" and the plan of his conniving tribe "to one day reign forever." However, Cokely's malignity also took in white people in general, Prince Charles and Princess Diana in particular ("the king and queen of the existence of a secret society"), and even Harold Washington, who had committed the unconscionable offense of commiserating with Jews after neo-Nazis had vandalized synagogues and Jewish-owned shops.

When Cokely's remarks were published last May, many black people—though not many black leaders—found them indecent and said so. Others thought different, or at best did not know just what to think, at least for public consumption. Mr. Lu Palmer, a longtime confidant of Harold Washington and a prime mover behind Washington's election as mayor, lauded Cokely as "a young man who has delved into knowledge like no one else I know." The Reverend Mr. B. Herbert Martin, Mayor Washington's pastor and his appointee to the chairmanship of the Chicago Housing Authority, declared that Cokely's remarks had a "ring of truth" and that "sometimes the truth is inflammatory." Mr. Martin presently protested, and Mayor Sawyer promptly agreed, that a reporter for the *Chicago Tribune* had in fact misconstrued Martin's statement; the mayor then vowed to proceed with his nomination of Martin to the chairmanship of the city's Commission for Human Relations. Mayor Sawyer twisted every which way, in the sad invertebrate spasms of a worm on the hook, in his efforts to avoid having to fire Cokely. In the end he had to anyway. Accused of dithering, Sawyer retorted that in fact he had judiciously given the matter the unhurried consideration it deserved and thus had demonstrated his "sensitivity" to the volatile feelings the Cokely business aroused in the black community.



To appreciate just what community sentiments Mayor Sawyer was handling with such delicacy, one only had to spend some time listening to "On Target," a late night call-in talk show on the black-owned radio station WVON. The Cokely affair was the topic of discussion, and the first caller I heard was a man professing to substantiate Cokely's medical research. With an air of hyper-rationality, he described the conspiracy among white doctors to compromise the immune systems of black people by depleting their natural melanin supplies; the wholesale surgical removal of healthy black wombs and gall bladders was the chosen means toward the systematic debilitation and eventual destruction of the race.

One could not but be fascinated, and I listened in for several nights. A Baptist minister cried out in righteous anguish against the black community's taking part in "the crucifying of a black man." Waxing ministerial, he brought the full weight of his sacred learning to bear on the troubling issues of the day: "Jesus Christ looked at Jews and said, 'You vipers, you snakes . . .'" Not all callers were so bountifully endowed with the Christian virtues: "We gonna have to bust down these crucifixes," one opined. A more ecumenically minded participant contended that black people had a lot to learn from the Jews and could benefit enormously by emulating them: "Copy everything they do and do it right to

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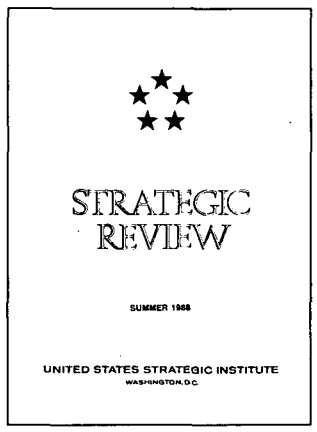

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them." A young woman settled the theological dispute, to her mind anyway, with terse finality: "The reason the Jews get in trouble is they are not the real Jews. That's all I've got to say." (One would hardly be surprised if it were.) While the discussants' reflections regularly turned to eternal things, the conversation addressed secular affairs of moment with comparable thoughtfulness. When the crucifix-buster averred, "They have bombs they can drop that will kill only black people," the moderator—a million laughs, the English language—was roused to eloquence of his own: he had known about these "biological ethnic bombs" for ten or twelve years now, and he was doing what he could to spread the word, even though "people say this man is crazy." This man people say is crazy happened to be Lu Palmer.

The cynicism of Mayor Sawyer's protracted indecisiveness about Cokely, and of his swift exculpation of Martin, was of a familiar sort: it was politics as usual. Elevated to the Office of the Mayor largely on the shoulders of the white aldermen who had been Mayor Washington's dogged opponents, Sawyer is unsure of his standing among blacks. Had he simply cut Cokely loose from the start, he would have lost any hope of support among black Chicago's maniac contingent; and it could be that the ethnic bomb vote will decide the next mayoral election. Had he condemned Martin, he would have lost far more, as Martin is a popular figure among respectable people. Sawyer's loss would have been Alderman Timothy Evans's gain. Evans is Sawyer's chief black rival; he was widely regarded as the anointed successor to Mayor Washington, and a demonstration in his support virtually surrounded City Hall the night of Sawyer's selection. Significantly, Evans and several other black aldermen faulted Sawyer for not getting rid of Cokely straightaway. Almost anywhere else, their outcry would have seemed an act of simple decency. In Chicago, these things are rarely so simple.

Two days after Cokely's firing, at the regular Saturday morning meeting of Operation PUSH, one saw what black righteousness held in supreme regard, and what had to be sacrificed for its sake. Operation PUSH, which rose to national prominence as a black activist organization under the Reverend Mr. Jesse Jackson's mismanagement, remains the most authoritative community force in black Chicago. With the city abuzz about Cokely, one expected PUSH, which convened an impressive array of community leaders for this Mother's Day meeting, to issue a resounding declaration of its position on Cokely. And it did precisely that, in an uncharacteristically quiet way. Several people spoke at the meeting, and not one said a word about Cokely. No one so much as mentioned his name.[1] The silence was a purposeful one, and the reason for it was transparent. Early in the meeting, a speaker warned that, if two black men and one white man were to run in the next election for mayor, the white man would be certain to win: ". . . the Fifth Floor [of City Hall, where the Office of the Mayor is located], is going to be gone; and we'll never, ever get it back." Toward the meeting's end, the keynote speaker, a woman lawyer, declared, "We are more divided today than we've been for a long time. Some of us can't talk to each other. Some of us can't walk with each other." With eloquent vehemence she implored, "Keep the family together."

The family was pointedly the black political family, not the celebrated rainbow coalition. (I was one of three or four whites in a gathering of perhaps five hundred people.) Black unity was the rallying cry. For some black politicians and activists, to denounce Cokely for all the city to hear a few days earlier had been a political necessity; for certain of them, surely, it had been a moral necessity as well. Now demonstratively to maintain silence on the subject, in the bosom of the black family, was the overriding necessity. This necessity decreed that what those who denounced Cokely—and some were in attendance at PUSH—and those who revered him had in common, their blackness, was far more significant than what separated them, their understanding of right and wrong. A new morality inseparable from color had replaced morality indifferent to color as the hallmark of the Movement. Decent black leaders will not denounce indecent black leaders because decent black folks need the haters on their side, at the polls. The brutes and moral imbeciles are indispensable to the triumph of justice, which can be achieved only by establishing the Office of the Mayor as a black preserve. The implication of what was said at PUSH that day was undeniable: no white mayor will do so well by black people as any black mayor will.

[1]One speaker did advise the audience to listen to a radio talk the next morning by Congressman Gus Savage, who would discuss the abrasiveness of relations between blacks and Jews. Savage began by calling Cokely's AIDS-injection allegations "ridiculous," but then went on very much in the Cokely vein to accuse Jews and Asians of predatory business practices in the black community. Savage's kinship with Cokely was evidently strong enough to overcome any differences between them: Cokely attended the Democratic Convention in Atlanta in Savage's company, wearing a badge that declared him the Congressman's "Honored Guest."

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Therefore, maintaining the political solidarity of the black community—keeping intact the electoral monolith that gave Harold Washington 98 percent of the black vote—is worth sacrificing the amity between decent whites and blacks. Black decency has cut its deal with foulness for the sake of power, in the belief—or at any rate, under cover of the profession—that only black power can ensure civic virtue. The error is a grave one.

Black power in Chicago has somehow acquired the undeserved moral lustre of black achievement, largely because acquiring power remains the principal black political achievement. This confusion has the potential to be the city's downfall; and it is unlikely that clarity will soon triumph on this point. Mayor Washington's administration, despite the magniloquent testimonials he regularly offered to its unexampled rectitude, conducted business to a disturbing degree in accordance wth time-honored local procedures. Serving the public good remained a convenient way of helping oneself, or one's own, to a choice selection of the goods. Not that Mayor Washington was venal himself; but the undeniable effect of his vaunted reforms was the redistribution of the official swag along racial lines and among a select few. The hallowed prerogatives of the old order—the sweetheart contracts for pals from way back, the payroll laden with brothers-in-law and political bunkmates—survived reform; only the beneficiaries changed.

One of the first scandals to hit the administration was the discovery that one such beneficiary and a leading adviser to the Mayor, Clarence McClain, was a sometime pimp. There was plenty to follow. Incompetence, cronyism, and contempt for the law brought the Chicago Housing Authority to unprecedented financial ruin. Meanwhile, violent crime in the projects soared to new heights, and the new head of the CHA, Vincent Lane, recently alleged that some CHA managers are in cahoots with gang leaders. An investigation that Mayor Washington ordered into reports that aldermen and mayoral aides were on the take determined that the Mayor himself and certain staff members had discovered and then immediately covered up a deputy revenue commissioner's receipt of a $10,000 bribe. The Mayor denounced City Council committee patronage as a "cesspool," and introduced a bill for the Council's reform; nevertheless, he repaid Council supporters with chairmanships of unnecessary committees that almost never met, that accomplished nothing, and that commanded large budgets for the employment of helpful chums and the purchase of extravagant perquisites. While the city's schools enjoyed the distinction of being "the worst in the nation," in a condition "approaching meltdown," according to Secretary of Education William Bennett, members of the Board of Education saw to it that friends and relations received service contracts at more than generous rates. The personnel director of the Chicago Transit Authority recently resigned amid charges that for the past three years most new CTA employees have been chosen from four black wards on the South Side. In the Chicago tradition of extending the franchise to those denied it elsewhere—most notably, of course, to dead people, but also to some who have never actually been alive—an estimated 50,000 to 100,000 fraudulent ballots were cast in the 1987 mayoral primary, according to the Chicago Board of Election Commissioners and Election Watch '87, an independent watchdog organization; most years, one used to expect some 6,000 tainted votes. Although Washington's people had insisted on the most painstaking scrutiny for fraud during the 1983 elections, the Mayor avowed his incredulity that such abominations could come to pass under his regime. When the Movement invokes the sainted memory of the late Mayor; when it demands that his legacy pass down the generations into the radiant future; when it asserts that nothing is more important to the well-being of the black community than an uninterrupted succession of black men in the Office of the Mayor, this travesty of reform is the dream it seeks to keep alive. And to attain so worthy an end, decency must accommodate itself to thuggery.

The case for Home Equity Assurance has been made boldly, lucidly, with telling force.

In the name of what is pure, and in defense of the sainted memory, thuggery won a stunning triumph last May over art and freedom of speech. The art was bad art, the speech had been better left unspoken, and the thuggery was the doing of aldermen and police; but thuggery is nevertheless what it was.

The cynosure of this year's private exhibition of graduating students' work at the School of the Art Institute was David K. Nelson's revealing portrait of the late Mayor in ladies' underwear of a particularly unflattering cut. The real subject of the painting was not transvestism, however, but rather homosexuality. The title of Nelson's portrait was "Mirth and Girth"—an allusion to "Girth and Mirth," which is the name of a lonelyhearts club for fat gay men. Since 1983 Mayor Washington had been widely rumored to be homosexual. That he had been married and was the father of two children did not dispel the rumors; that he had been engaged, at the time of his death, to a schoolteacher for over a decade only seemed to encourage them. Whether or not Mayor Washington was homosexual, his biographers will someday inform us with greater certainty. At any rate, in response to "Mirth and Girth," a gang of livid black aldermen enacted a masterwork of performance art that will linger in the city's consciousness for a long time. With excessive modesty, the aldermen left their piece untitled. Such a work as theirs deserves the dignity of a lasting name: say, "Sodomy and Lobotomy."

Upon hearing about the painting, these black aldermen formed a posse, reinforced by police who were acting under the aldermen's direct orders, in an informal state of martial law; these combined forces entered the gallery where the painting was on display, took the painting off the wall, and walked off with it, through a gauntlet of yelping art students. The students and the thieves exchanged insults, and there was a bit of a scuffle. The police wound up taking the picture into custody; they released it the next day, presumably upon its own recognizance, and with a six-inch gash in it.

For the benefit of the dazzled public, the aldermen proceeded to decipher their work and to explain its social implications. The alderman who actually tucked "Mirth and Girth" under his arm and hauled it away, Allan Streeter, possessed a connoisseur's expertise in the provenance of degenerate art, and knew just by looking at the picture that "the fellow who drew [it] is Jewish." A learned colleague, Bobby Rush, presented a summary exegesis of the constitutional question. The outcry about Nelson's First Amendment rights, he argued, contrasted sharply with the white silence about Cokely's: "This shows there is a dual standard. This is what's floating around the black community." This spokesman for the communal reason—a former Black Panther leader who dispersed revolutionary literature under cover of the First Amendment during the 1960s—overlooked the fact that no one had denied Cokely's right to propagate his envenomed fantasies. Mayor Sawyer fired Cokely because he was an intolerable political liability, but Cokely retained the legal right to say what he pleased; he could be heard exercising that right on WVON, ranting about the Jews and promising his enemies that he would "get [his] justice in the streets . . ." The aldermen, too, found the streets the right place for it.

The singular moral piquancy of the Art Institute nonsense lay in the improbable concatenation of imbecilities that enabled events to attain escape velocity. Everyone who had the opportunity to do something stupid did it; chuckleheadedness reigned, all the way around. A boy playing at art dashed off a trivial, thoughtless, repulsive, and badly painted picture, probably in the expectation of being esteemed for his audacity. When things got serious, he cowered out of sight, refusing to show his face in town. The faculty and administration of the School of the Art Institute abdicated their responsibility to judge whether a student's work might be morally despicable, reprehensible, or otherwise unworthy of display. The aldermen hollered that the painting was "an incitement to riot" when in fact it was precisely their hollering that furnished the real incitement. As it happened, they managed to incite only themselves and some preposterously agreeable policemen, then rioted.

For decency's sake, the painting should not have been painted. Once painted, it should not have been hung. However, the artist had every legal right to paint it and the School every right to put it on display. Works of art far nastier than Nelson's cheesy daubing abound, under the law's full protection. (The School of the Art Institute awarded first prize in this year's student exhibition to a video about lesbians in a convent.) The aldermen had no legal right whatsoever to burst in and take the painting down. Rash, unthinking, blinded by moral pomposity, these avenging angels of righteousness made a signal contribution to the city's history of racial devilment. Their flagrant lawlessness set a fearsome precedent for goons of all colors.

Race-crazed goons unquestionably come in all colors. And the tacit alliance of decency with foulness is by no means a strictly black phenomenon. Perfectly nice white people in some parts of town have long counted on mob action or guerrilla raids by vicious toughs to dissuade blacks from attempting to integrate white strongholds. Since 1966, when volley after volley of rocks and bottles greeted a protest march for open housing led by the Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King, the neighborhood most notorious for such white racist thuggery has been Marquette Park. Marquette Park is a blue-collar neighborhood on the

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Southwest Side, and its residents have long been largely of Irish, Polish, and Lithuanian descent; over the past five years or so, there has been a significant admixture of Mexicans and Arabs as well. In 1966 Marquette Park was still some distance from the black end of town, but the distance has narrowed markedly since then, as whites have fled before blacks' westward advance.

For about the past ten years, Marquette Park has been one of the racial borderlands immediately west of Western Avenue, a street which runs the length of the city and which has served as the most recent line of demarcation between the black South Side and the white Southwest Side. Over the past two years, blacks have begun to move into Marquette Park and similar neighborhoods nearby; white trash psychopaths have met some of their new neighbors with violent resistance. In July 1986, on the eve of a black protest march through Marquette Park, a policeman assigned to protect the marchers from neo-Nazis and other white racists who promised trouble told me that he deplored violence but that in this case it was a necessary evil: "If the Nazis don't stop the blacks coming in, nothing will. And then the Park will be gone." The brutes were insufficiently brutish that day, and failed to hold the line; they have conducted scattered terrorist operations since. They burned a cross on a woman schoolteacher's lawn. They firebombed several houses. Members of a motorcycle gang ran a car with two black men inside off the road, beat the men, then set the car on fire.

Although the inspiration for such evildoing doubtless came principally from within—something like an insect swarm buzzing deep in the skull, or the voice of a neighbor's dog issuing murderous commands—one probably would have heard as well, had one been able to monitor this beastly cacophony, the hissing and snarling of familiar public voices. During the '83 mayoral campaign and the Council Wars that followed Washington's election, the smirking weasel antics of Washington's political opposition exerted an incalculable moral suasion. The campaign slogan of Washington's Republican rival, Bernard Epton—who had been a profoundly decent man, to that point in his career—was blunt as could be, and appalling as brain damage: "Epton. Before it is too late." The recklessness of public discourse set the general tone. Bone-through-the-nose black savagery became a not uncommon motif of casual political talk in private. In the jokes investment bankers told, as in the stray remarks of guys manning gas pumps, one caught a whiff of something unclean. Once uncorked, the noxious vapors pervaded the town. Most white Chicagoans now wish they could forget, and black Chicagoans will doubtless always remember, the mob that taunted and menaced Harold Washington outside a Catholic church on the Northwest Side during the campaign, when he arrived to attend Mass on Palm Sunday. Perhaps the most memorable image of the campaign was that of a wormy young man in that crowd chanting Epton's name over and over, his body shaking in a virtual convulsion of loathing for Washington, his expression of ecstatic fury the sort one expected to see in footage from the streets of Teheran rather than from those of one's hometown. This was not politics as usual.

Seeing white malice at its ugliest, more blatant than at any other time in recent memory, many black Chicagoans must have thought the worst: that race hatred, pure and simple, was the ultimate motive force behind the political opposition of the white old guard. The spectacle of public irrationality was overpowering, and one can readily see how blacks might have presumed that any reasoned opposition to their beloved leader was mere rationalization in the service of some dark, unthinking force. However, the relation between reason and unreason in politics as in most any other human activity is almost never so straightforward; in proportion, in relative potency, reason and unreason undergo continuous alteration, while both individuals and crowds tend to remain dauntingly confident that they are doing the reasonable thing, whatever that might be. The degree to which black convictions about white racism are correct is a measure of whites' blindness to the worst in themselves. The degree to which such black certainties are wrong is a measure of blacks' blindness to the worst in their own community.

It is in the light of these circumstances that one must view the racial controversy of the hour, rather less theatrical but far more momentous than the Cokely or Art Institute capers: the dispute over Home Equity Assurance. On June 8, the City Council passed a Home Equity Assurance ordinance by a vote of 26-24; the ordinance had languished in committee for a year, every one of the eighteen black aldermen in the Council voted against it, and Mayor Sawyer then vetoed it. The state legislature, however, proceeded to pass a bill of its own that effectively overrode the Mayor's veto. The home equity program will enable householders and resident owners of small apartment buildings to insure the current market value of their property. The city ordinance was to establish home equity pilot programs in certain wards on the Southwest and Northwest Sides of the city—areas predominantly white, Marquette Park among them—that supported these programs by a vote of over 90 percent in a special referendum last year; the state ordinance calls for another referendum this fall in all Chicago wards that petition to take part, and the petition drive has been so successful that twice as many homeowners are expected to participate as would have under the city ordinance. Detractors have called the program "black insurance," because it is designed specifically to ease white homeowners' fears that their houses will depreciate in value when black people move into the neighborhood; however, many black homeowners are seeking to extend home equity to black neighborhoods. To participate in the program, one must pay a fee of some $125 which covers appraisal and administrative costs; to cover the remaining cost of the program, every taxpayer in the participating wards will be assessed an estimated $8 to $25 a year, whether or not he decides to insure his own property. A participating homeowner must continue to live in his house for five years and maintain the quality of his property; if he subsequently sells the house and is unable to realize its appraised market value, the home equity assurance will make good the difference.

The case for home equity assurance has been made boldly, lucidly, with telling force: "The city . . . is involved in a fight for its life. One of the critical battlegrounds is the struggle to preserve middle-class residential neighborhoods. . . . To many neighborhood people their house is their greatest asset. A perceived threat to its value—whether it be announcement of a methadone clinic or evidence of racial change—is enough to force them into trying to sell before the price goes too low. When a lot of people do that in a short period of time, panic sets in and values plummet. To keep owners from panic, we must remove that fear of diminishing value." While cracking down on panic-peddling by unscrupulous real estate brokers is essential to preserving neighborhood stability, something more is required: "an incentive to keep homeowners in their neighborhood. Equity assurance is a program that offers such an incentive."

The eloquent proponent cited above is not a Chicago boy but a sometime lieutenant governor of New York, Mario Cuomo, writing in the *New York Daily News* on February 26, 1980, and advocating pilot home equity assurance programs in Brooklyn, Queens, Long Island, Buffalo, and Rochester. His full-throated rallying cry, however, turned by and by into a whimper of retreat. Influential spokespersons for racial justice informed Mr. Cuomo that his kind of thinking placed him decisively on the wrong side of history; in response, Mr. Cuomo slapped himself hard on the forehead, as Moe used to do when his unruly alter-ego, Curly, was guilty of some especially egregious stupidity. Mr. Cuomo's swift, statesmanlike reconsideration of the matter set a trend. The welts that popped up on some prominent Chicago foreheads were evidence that, within, wrong-thinking minds had been set right. Mayor Washington encouraged and endorsed the home equity proposal for over three years before lucidity struck him and he recanted. Several black aldermen went along with Washington while he supported home equity, and denounced it as an outrage when he turned against it. Senator Paul Simon—not the pride of Chicago exactly, but arguably one of the biggest things to come out of Makanda, Illinois in the past few years—advocated the Chicago home equity plan as a model for the entire country, then reversed himself just before this year's Illinois presidential primary. Disgusted by the Democratic party's betrayal, home equity supporters took to wearing buttons with the motto "Home Equity or Else" and a rendering of a dead donkey.

Chicago's black leadership mustered the formidable legions of exercised righteousness against the menacing inequity of home equity. If the toxicity of strident malice were measurable by scientific means, the City Council chamber during the Finance Committee's final meeting on the subject would have been declared a lethal hazard, sealed shut, and transported under cover of darkness to the depths of New Jersey. Unfortunately, the leading spokesman for home equity, Mrs. Jean Mayer, of the Save Our Neighborhood/Save Our Cities Coalition, opened the proceedings by launching a rhetorical poison gas attack of her own. Mrs. Mayer, a Southwest Side housewife, is bright, well-spoken, customarily civil, and devoted to her cause, which she has spent fifteen years working for. Provoked by the vilification she had endured silently during another meeting on home equity a few days before, she lit into the "self-serving, self-interested pin-striped bigots" who represented various civil rights and realty organizations and who had maligned home equity as old-fashioned white racism under a new guise. When she said that, if these powerful groups had not lobbied so vociferously against home equity, some black aldermen would have supported it, an elderly black man sitting next to me in the visitors' gallery muttered, "Oh, shit." She told Alderman

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Timothy Evans, chairman of the Finance Committee, that by his recent observation that home equity "was not based on reality," he had "forfeited whatever reputation for fairness and justice [he had had] in [white] neighborhoods." She charged "a cabal of political interests both from within our city's government and without, intent on driving a wedge between the neighborhoods of our city," with "carrying out a deliberate campaign of misinformation and disinformation about this program." She predicted that the hearing "will be nothing more than a kangaroo court."

It was a self-fulfilling prophecy. Dispensing with restraint, Mrs. Mayer opened herself and home equity to a barrage of righteous abuse—although one should add that Mrs. Mayer's remarks clearly did far more to inflame her opponents' righteousness than to sharpen their abuse, which they had been honing for some time. Black aldermen and witnesses against home equity foamed and fulminated in the name of decency and at least once for the sake of Jesus Himself. An alderman compared Mrs. Mayer's statement to the sort of thing one heard from "George Wallace in the 1950s . . . spewing that kind of rhetoric and hate." A state legislator (and former realtor and real estate lobbyist) thundered that home equity had genocidal implications: "Everyone talks about the Holocaust," and the Nazis "started [the Final Solution] off by recognizing Jews as a threat." Another alderman hoped aloud for divine intercession: "God have mercy on the likes of Mrs. Mayer." He promised that on his way home he would stop at his church and pray for her—"not Hail Marys, but good old black spiritual prayers." (Mrs. Mayer graciously assured him that she would pray for him, too.) The man who had said, "Oh, shit," turned out to be a real estate lobbyist testifying on behalf of the NAACP, and he raved not only against the viciousness of home equity, but also against the integration management programs in Hyde Park, South Shore, and Beverly—almost the only integrated neighborhoods on the South Side. A middle-aged black woman alderman fumed, "Whites in Chicago never wanted to live next door to me or anyone who looks like me. Nothing has changed. . . . The goal of home equity is to keep blacks from moving next to whites. . . . We know. We know." (This alderman, Anna Langford, has been accused by a tenants' organization of being a slumlord.) Another black woman alderman insisted that whites' racial fears were founded in hateful illusion but that the City Council dealt strictly in reality: therefore, it could not pass the home equity ordinance. Yet another admired this statement so much that she repeated it almost verbatim, including the stirring peroration, "If it's racial fears we're talking about, then we need to educate, educate, educate."

Education to alleviate racial fears is a salutary thing, and, correctly applied, might speed progress toward resolving the black gall bladder question or establishing just who the real Jews might be. However, where whites' fears of blacks are concerned, the difficulty is more trying: everyone, black and white, already knows what it is that whites fear, and the trouble is getting blacks to acknowledge publicly that this fear—the fear of crime, especially of violent crime—is a well-justified one, and the principal obstacle to integration. As Jean-Jacques Rousseau discerned some time back, the identifying characteristic of the bourgeois man is his fear of violent death; the leading cause of death among young black men in America is murder, almost always at the hands of other young black men: and there is the heart of the matter. Anything else—and there is plenty else, obviously—is peripheral. Yet no black leader dares face this squarely.

The degree to which black convictions about white racism are correct is a measure of whites' blindness to the worst in themselves.

I have lived in Marquette Park for the past five years; and during the past two years, as blacks and Hispanics have moved in, the very things that people feared all along would happen have happened. Gang graffiti are everywhere, on walls, garage doors, stop signs. They are chiefly the work of two Hispanic street gangs, Ambrose and Two-Six, that infiltrated the area as families moved out this way from the gang-ridden Little Village, some five miles north; probably a good number of these families moved precisely in order to escape the gang violence there. Although Hispanic gang activity in and around Marquette Park has yet to attain the standard of maniacal bloodletting it enjoys in its traditional preserves, things are unequivocally looking up. Gang recruitment is increasingly successful; peanut-sized kids stand around on streetcorners flashing gangland semaphore, and serve as look-outs when drug dealing is done. More and more drug dealing is being done, and violence is on the increase: there have already been a few gang murders, for the sake of commerce and of sport.

Once a refuge from this kind of criminality, Marquette Park is becoming a stomping ground for it. One of my neighbors, an elderly woman, moved here with her family seven years ago from the Back of the Yards, where Hispanic gang-banging—it refers to shooting in these parts, not to rape—is a regular feature of neighborhood life. They decided it was time to move on when a teenaged boy was stabbed to death on the sidewalk in front of their house. Their getaway was pitiably short-lived. A few months ago a young black man attacked this same lady, in the middle of the day, just outside her front door. She managed to get inside the house; when her attacker tried to break in, she sicked her dog on him, and he fled. Another lady across the street was not so lucky: she had her arm broken by her black attacker. A man a few doors down from her had his car stolen from in front of his house, and found it stripped in the black neighborhood a few blocks away, on the other side of Western Avenue. Such is the cost that whites are evidently expected to pay for integration.

Quite a few have already found the cost prohibitive, and have cleared out. Virtually no white families are moving into the neighborhood where I live, and there is a real danger that the neighborhood will simply be resegregated in time. To that end, real estate panic peddlers are eagerly pursuing their despicable trade, so far as the law will allow, and sometimes beyond. An unsolicited mailing I recently received read, "Don't hesitate. Choose your neighbor. Call your friends and relatives today!!!!!!!" It advertised two houses for sale about a mile up the road, where blacks have not yet moved in.

There is grave peril here that most of the city would prefer to ignore, and home equity is an essential measure of prudence conceived to forestall a civic emergency. Between 1960 and 1980, the city lost over 200,000 middle class families, most of which lit out for the suburbs—many when their neighborhoods underwent the conversion from all-white to all-black. Another hemorrhage of comparable magnitude would be fatal to the city. Home equity can help slow the bleeding that has already begun, but it will almost certainly be insufficient to stanch the wound altogether. Concerted community action against incivility and crime—which will inevitably surge up in the newly integrated areas—is indispensable. For the safety of daily life is no longer a matter of course in places like Marquette Park; tranquillity will have to be regained, and secured. How willing whites are to stay put and resist the predators—to go out on patrol with neighborhood watch groups; to paint over graffiti, again and yet again; to do what it takes to run the drug dealers out; to put themselves in danger by simply stepping outside their doors—when it is easy enough to find some pleasant haven outside the city, will ultimately determine the future of integration in places like Marquette Park. Home equity will at least assure those who are willing to endure such trials that they will not in the end pay a financial penalty for doing so. With the value of their houses secured, they will have one less reason to abandon the struggle for decency. And that struggle may well bring decent whites and blacks together as they have never been before—not even in the glory days of the civil rights movement.

There is no question that decent Chicagoans of all races want pretty much the same things, chief among them being refuge from the criminal monstrosities of city living. There is also no question that decent people of every race are ready to acknowledge the decency of decent people of every other race—although to be certified among the decent usually does take some time, while one's credentials are inspected with a wary eye. Surely most of the black people moving into Marquette Park are just the sort of folks most of the white people living there would be happy to have as neighbors and vice-versa. There is an awful poignancy to the plight of these decent people, for decency is embattled, and pretty nearly surrounded, with no hope that reinforcements will arrive in time.

The quiet voice of decency tends to get drowned out by the noisome racket of goonery amok, which invariably shrieks, and usually into a megaphone. The black people who called WVON to suggest that Mr. Cokely was in need of some rest, or that black leadership was in a sorry state, the talk show hosts curtly dismissed, and other callers heatedly reviled. The thousands of Marquette Park residents who signed a statement deploring white racism and supporting open housing, the city never heard of. Sometimes this town seems like no place for decent people. The haters, the crazies, the gang-bangers, the political opportunists: they're the ones who have the run of the place, and they like it that way. They will not be turned out overnight. Perhaps they will not be turned out at all; in which case the city will perish. If the city is to survive, then decency must become outspoken, forceful, bold, as mania, greed, hypocrisy, and racist thuggery, whether in bedsheets or in white shirts and bow ties, have always been. Decency does not have much time here, and it will not get another chance. □

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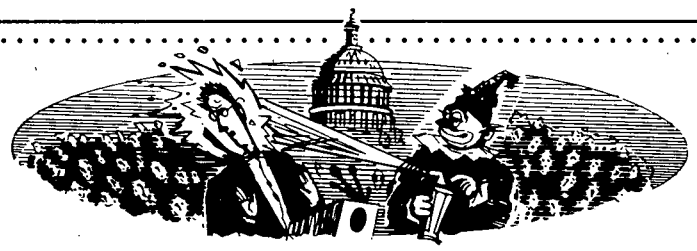
THE CAMPAIGN SPECTATOR



WANNA PARTY?

by Andrew Ferguson

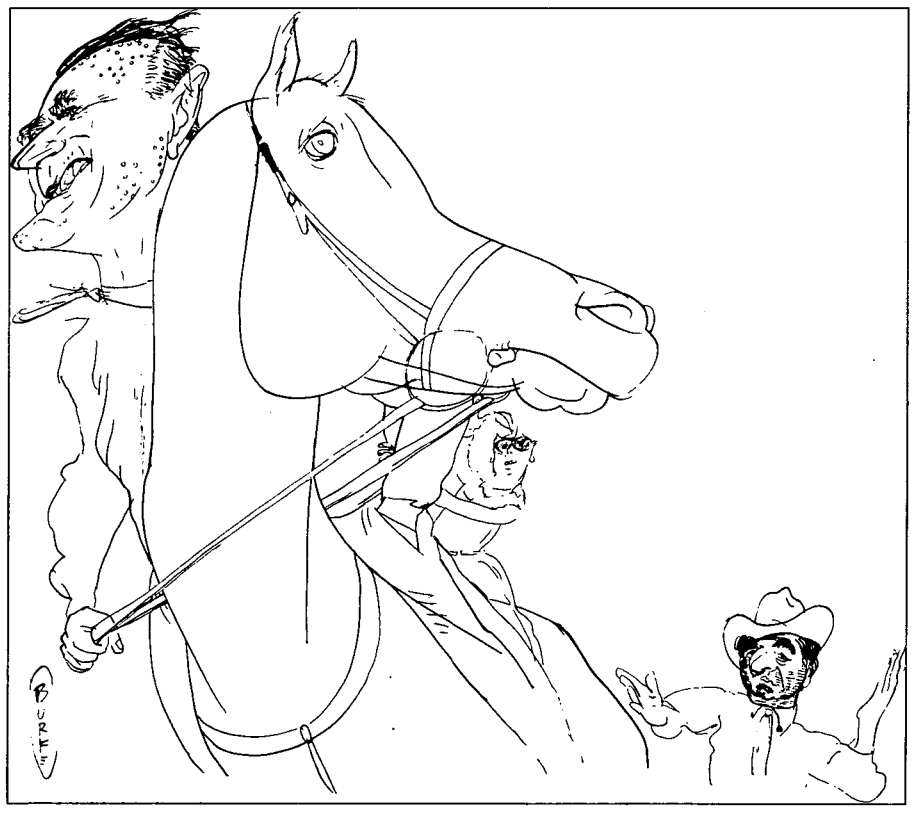
The Saturday night before the Republican National Convention opened, I arrived in New Orleans, dropped my bags at the hotel, and set off through the French Quarter in search of a late dinner. It was almost like walking onto the set of *Satyricon*, the difference being that, for this version, central casting had brought in all Republicans: a kind of PG-13 *Satyricon*. But the spirit was willing. First I saw Senator James McClure (American Conservative Union rating: 100) sauntering down Bourbon Street, the legendary avenue of gin joints and flesh parlors. I caught sight of him as he passed by Big Daddy's All-Female Wrestling Parlor. He didn't stop, I admit, but he was smiling, and the incongruity—*What's wrong with this picture?*—startled me. Across the street some middle-aged folk in Robertson hats glanced good-naturedly into a saloon advertising "Unisex Love Action." They elbowed one another and laughed. A few doors down, a woman with a BUSH sticker wrapped around her rump was pouring beer over the head of a woozy friend, who had collapsed against the side of a gift shop that sells what used to be called French postcards. At the intersection of Bourbon and Bienville a Bush cheerleading squad did cartwheels for the benefit of a local camera crew, and at the finish several of the girls ran over to their boyfriends and sloshed down Hurricanes from enormous plastic cups. "All night long!" one of them yelled, with some conviction. All night? All *week* is more like it.

Will someone please tell me when the rules got changed? The last time I (ACU rating: 46, and falling) checked, it was the Democrats—Warren Beatty and assorted rock stars, Gary Hart and Gerry Studds, Hamilton Jordan and Teddy, and remember Peter Bourne?—who formed the party-down party, the party for party-animals, the *inclusive* party that let in anybody so long as he didn't spill the bong water and stink up the dorm room, while the Republicans were the austerity nerds, the chin-pullers, the what's-so-funny-about-our-future guys, the belt-tightening, green-eye-shaded, budget-balancing . . . oops. So it's been awhile since I checked. In any event, I'd say it's now official: the Atlanta convention proved that the Democratic party, circa 1988, is about as much fun as an autopsy; New Orleans, on the other hand, proved that the future belongs to the Republicans, for the future not only works, it chug-alugs too.

Lloyd Bentsen characterized the high hilarity of the Republican convention as merely a "Mardi Gras for the Moral Majority." Since Senator Bentsen has not heretofore been known as a boogie-till-you-puke sort, it's safe to dismiss the comment as sour grapes, the complaint of a guy whose mama made him bring his kid sister to the high school dance. But there are nevertheless a few kinks still to be worked out in this new, re-made Republican party. A quick glance into any Bourbon Street music club, for example, immediately confirmed anew the ancient truth that Republicans can't dance, and probably shouldn't try to. And they will quickly have to grow more worldly about the underbelly of urban life, which in New Orleans they began to probe for the first time, with shy, tremulous fingers.

That Saturday night on Bourbon Street, a crowd, mostly Republican by the look of it, gathered outside Big Daddy's (the All-Female Wrestling Parlor) when the "referee" and the club champion, "Angel," stepped outside and announced that they were looking for a volunteer—"any of these fine looking ladies out here"—to challenge Angel for the grand prize of $100. "But I must caution you," shouted the ref, "that Angel is a champion of wolf-style cajun wrestling from the swamplands and bayous of the great state of Louisiana. That means there will be roughness, there will be toughness, and there *will* be nudity." The Republican women drew back quickly, but at the same time an athletic black woman charged forward, apparently from nowhere, loudly questioning Angel's prowess and making extravagant sideshow gestures with her huge arms. "A volunteer!" cried the ref. Several of the young Republicans I had been trailing started to follow the ref and Angel and her challenger inside to the Big Daddy ring, when one of them drew me aside. "Listen," he said, urgently. "I was here last night, and you know it was the same volunteer! The same girl! I don't know. I think it's a set up."

Give 'em time.



If I am correct about the Republican party reconstituting itself—and there's no reason to think that I am—the question posed by the convention in New Orleans is, Who will lead this new party? George Bush, I suspect, will be a transitional personage merely, a figure linking epochs, contiguous with both Ronald Reagan and the new leader who will move the party of Lincoln into the twenty-first century and teach its followers how to do the shimmy-shake. After New Orleans, the answer that presents itself most obviously to Republicans, through no fault of their own, is Dan Quayle (ACU rating: 82)—an answer that is, as pundits are fond of saying, problematic at best.

According to James Baker, in asking him to join the ticket Bush told Quayle, "You are my choice, you are my first choice, you are my only choice," but I doubt that it was as passionate as all that. More likely it was a matter of austere political calculation. Which is cold comfort. It was the preeminent political decision of the campaign, and it has proved—will continue to prove—an endless migraine. First of course was the National Guard-war wimp controversy. It does no good to tout the hypocrisy of the press—by citing, let's say, the recent scientific survey by the Times-Mirror Co., which demonstrated that fully 38 percent of the members of the national media between the ages of 37 and 42 made false confessions of pederasty to avoid the draft in the late sixties and early seventies. (The other 62 percent, incidentally, actually are pederasts.) The facts, not the way the press reported them, have created the

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resentment some voters (probably not many) will feel toward Quayle through the coming months.

The National Guard business aside, Bush's attempt to reach across the generations still has serious defects. If they discounted ideology, most of his supporters would have to admit that as a public figure—in speeches, in interviews—Dan Quayle comes off as (how to put it?) something of a jerk. There is, for starters, his annoying habit of referring to himself almost exclusively in the third person. ("Where's Dan Quayle stand on this issue?" Dan Quayle will ask rhetorically. "Well, Dan Quayle happens to be the kind of guy . . ." and so on.) His enthusiasm, which never seems to give him a moment's rest, is not the infectious kind, as was painfully demonstrated in his dockside remarks immediately after Bush anointed him. Tearing off his jacket, Dan appeared to be a man a few thumping heartbeats away from sun stroke. His arms chugged like the little engine that could. And when, with the man of the next generation shouting his way into incoherence, Bush stepped forward to shake his hand—the political equivalent of what in vaudeville was called "the hook"—Quayle wheeled and said, "Hold on a second!" "My God," said a delegate next to me as we watched the gruesome scene on TV, "what has George done?"

And so in his acceptance speech before the full convention (and in other speeches since), Dan overcompensated—to a degree that called to mind the Bob and Ray interview with the President of . . . the Slow . . . Talkers . . . of . . . America. "You," Quayle said, leisurely as molasses but twice as syrupy, "are . . . looking . . . at one . . . humble . . . Hoosier" (something no Hoosier, by the way, humbled before many millions of spectators, would say). Even in speaking of his wife and children the insincerity was palpable. Quayle is a student of the latest Republican Merlin, Roger Ailes, and it's possible that he is simply overschooled in the media arts—that the tricks of style have been so drummed into him he has forgotten how to say what he means. Even so, in interviews the rudiments of understandable speech—things like subject-verb agreement and pronoun placement—fly off at once in a swift and brilliant flight, leaving him unarmed but for that patented pol's grin and a wide-eyed stare that could snuff out a candle.

Those who know Quayle say he is a hard worker and a quick study, affable and interested. His voting record reveals a politician with principle and even guts. This doubtless is the Dan Quayle that George Bush knew, and chose. But if, as the rumors have it, some in the Bush camp thought of Quayle's pleasing appearance as a political plus, they should have considered the dangerous obverse of good looks, as reflected, for example, in the word "bimbo." I've met people in Hollywood who swear to this day that Jayne Mansfield enjoyed reading Kant. Maybe it's true. But who believes it?

It's entirely possible, then, that Quayle, if Bush is elected, will eventually go the way of John Nance Garner—thanked and then given the pink slip come 1992. Unfortunately, beyond him the ranks of candidates for New Leader are thin indeed. Most of the young up-and-comers in the Republican party are in the Quayle mold: probably hard-working and ambitious but a bit too pretty, not stupid but not exactly rocket scientists either. And they share with Quayle the inability, on camera, to put across even a slightly greater sense of reality than that provided by your average game show host. I saw a perfect personification of the problem on Monday morning, during the convention's inaugural session, when I first went in to case the Superdome. The speaker was a fellow named William Paxon, introduced as the candidate for Jack Kemp's seat from Upstate New York. Young Bill stood at the podium with the splendid posture (and haircut) of a Ken doll. As I walked along the upper rows, searching for my assigned seat, I listened to him in mounting disbelief. "Folks," he said, as the handful of delegates present chatted among themselves and paid him no attention, "there's something I feel I have to do. If you'll just indulge me for a moment, I'd like to say something to my ninety-year-old grandmother, who's watching right now." (I assume his grandmother had C-SPAN, which was the only network diligent enough to broadcast these doldrums.) Bill allowed a pregnant pause; a slight Bob Eubanks smile. And straight into the camera: "Hi, Grandma." Then he winked! Poor Grandma. She would have been lucky to hear this homey touch, since at that very moment there was the sound of three and a half million C-SPAN viewers barfing into their morning coffee.

I myself managed to hold back, but only by tuning out the rest of his speech and admiring the hall itself. As has been reported and reported, the Atlanta Democrats eschewed the patriotic red, white, and blue for a "salmon, eggshell, and azure" color scheme; the Republicans, to their credit, stuck to the traditional, more robust motif, with colors so brilliant and lights so bright you felt as if you were sitting in a giant test pattern.

In every convention appurtenance the Republicans outdid their rivals. The Democrats seemed to frown on the brandishing of outrageous paraphernalia; but in the Superdome countless booths were set up, selling all manner of glorious junk. (There was even a booth manned by the "New Orleans Chapter of Dialysis Patients," which sold, among other items, a T-shirt reading: "I survived the Republican National Convention." Congratulations, fellows!) If memory serves, the Democrats planned a single trip for delegates, a train ride to Stone Mountain outside Atlanta, the well-known memorial to the heroism of Confederate generals (a big hit with the Rainbow, as you can imagine). Republicans staged riverboat cruises, tours of the bayou, plantation galas; debauch followed debauch. The Party of the Future, inured to charges of sexism,

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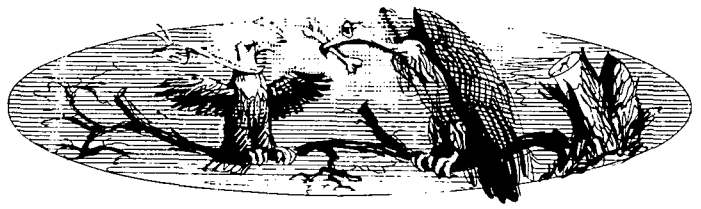

LETTER FROM HOLLYWOOD

by Benjamin J. Stein

You probably wonder what I've been up to since you last heard from me. I'll make it easy for you. You won't have to guess. I'll just tell you.

First of all, there are a couple of new fads sweeping the really cool people in West Hollywood and Beverly Hills. These are so hot that they haven't even been on "Entertainment Tonight."

The biggest one is bleeding ulcers. Since I got back from Washington last week, no fewer than three of the most beautiful women I know, all twenty-five, all gorgeous, all radical party-hardy animals, have called to tell me they have bleeding ulcers. All of them could tell because they had nonstop vomiting and shortness of breath. Amazingly, all three of them experienced this vomiting and shortness of breath on the same nights that they had stayed up until four or five blowing cocaine and drinking California Chardonnay. So go figure.

The way all three of them tell me about it, they went to the doctor and the doctor told them that a combination of stress plus "lifestyle" gave them the ulcers. All three of them live a life which would wear out a panther, let alone a twenty-five-year-old white chick. Lots of dates, lots of dope, lots of wine, not much sleep, a lot of worries about paying off the old American Express bills. Lots of dates with guys who make a million dollars a year and make love to them and don't even give them any money or anything.

I could give you a list of all the famous guys that one of them went out with since I met her seven years ago, but I won't because a lot of them were married and now they're bigtime movie and TV stars and they'd probably want to sue me just for fun.

But the point is really about the bleeding ulcers. All of the girls assured me in breathless tones that they were going to change their lifestyle radically because of their bleeding ulcers. All of the girls said no more dope and no more of that acidic Chardonnay.

One of the girls even told me I was to blame for her particular ulcer because I had introduced her to a lot of studio executives and none of them had given her a job yet, so I must have just been introducing her to raise her hopes and then she would just have them dashed again. I told her I was sorry.

Anyway, since I got back from Washington, I've taken two of the girls to dinner—one at Spago and one at Morton's. The one at Spago only had three glasses of Chardonnay. The one at Morton's had a whole bottle of Far Niente, at $45, and I didn't even get to share.

Neither of them died, so I guess the bleeding ulcers aren't quite as bad as I thought. The third one has gone on a six-day drug and alcohol tour of Maine, from where she calls me every four hours to tell me how many Bloodies and Margaritas she's had, and how totally wasted she is. I mean to ask her about the bleeding ulcers, but I keep forgetting. Anyway, just keep on top of this one for a while. I think you can tell it's going to be a trend. Pretty soon little kids in high school will be saying they have bleeding ulcers, and then maybe they'll be carrying bumper stickers on their notebooks that say, "A year ago I didn't even know how to spell colitis and now I have one."

Anyway, the second trend is about beach houses and flowers. You won't believe this, or maybe you will if you know me, but in one afternoon, two different girls—one of the bleeding ulcer girls and another one, a braino from Sarah Lawrence—called to tell me that S., a gorilla in this town, a guy who produces movies that make as much money as all of Namibia makes in a century—has been bombarding them with great big arrangements of yummy flowers.

Incredibly, both of them met him at his Fourth of July party. Further incredibly, this party began at his house in Holmby Hills, and then went by caravan of Porsches and BMWs to his house in the Malibu Colony. "And it didn't stop there," the bleeding ulcer girl, a Gina Lollobrigida lookalike, told me. "Then we all went to another house he has on Broad Beach, right down the beach from some other rich guy's house, and it was just party-hardy all night. That might have had something to do with my bleeding ulcer, because I got it right after I went to the parties."

"Has he called you since?"

"Yeah, and I went out to his place at the Colony to have drinks with him, and I think he's really kind of cute."

"You think so?"

"Yeah, I do. Really cute. He told me

Ben Stein's latest book is Hollywood Days, Hollywood Nights: The Diary of a Mad Screenwriter *(Bantam Books).*

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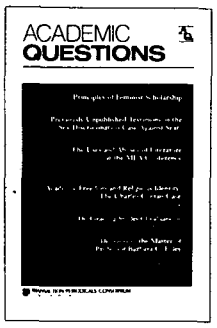

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he was getting into corporate acquisitions as his next thing."

"Staci," I asked, "did you do him?"

"Of course not," she said, which I believe about as much as I believe Abu Nidal saying he's just a tourist.

The other one, big tall Sharon from Sarah Lawrence, called me about an hour later and basically told me the same story. Only she hadn't gone out to S.'s beach house for drinks. "He did send me flowers though, and they're really gorgeous. They're gladiolas and hydrangeas and roses and hollyhocks . . ."

"Just tell me," I interrupted. "Did you do him?"

"Of course not," she said.

Now, for a guy to send a woman flowers in Hollywood if she hasn't at least *sort of* done him is about as common as getting a free Carrera in the mail, but I have to pretend to believe these girls. Otherwise they'll stop thinking I'm their friend, and they won't call me, and I'll have to spend all my time talking to my lawyers, and I don't want to have to do that, because they charge me $200 per hour and each hour only has twenty minutes.

Did you know we're having a Writers' Guild Strike here? It may be over by the time you get this. It's been going on for five months, and it's sort of a disaster. There are empty tables at Morton's by ten o'clock, and people like me get to sit next to people like John Hughes and David Wolper and Hall and Oates.

Also, every few weeks I have to go picket in front of a studio. It's a lot of fun. I get to renew my acquaintances with writers I haven't seen for a long time. We carry our signs, which are pictures of a typewriter with a scary red streak of lightning coming out of it, and the word STRIKE in giant letters.

There's a lot of talk about how we're all suffering so terribly because of the strike, but how we won't even think about giving up until we've won all of our points. I'm not sure what all of our points are. I had thought the main point was to get work, but I guess I was mistaken.

It gets really hot on the line in Century City or Hollywood. Occasionally, a colleague starts to look faint and the cry, "Comrade! Evian for Marty!" rings out, and a cute little thing in shorts runs up with an Evian for Marty. At one picket site all they had was Gatorade, and I don't think anyone got thirsty that day.

I didn't go to S.'s Fourth of July party. I went to a party at the Malibu Beach Colony home of my pal D., who is a producer of made-for-TV movies. D. has decided that he wants to spend his summers in Malibu, but he doesn't want to buy there. He rents his place, with one large bedroom and three tiny ones—and a Jacuzzi the size of a soccer field—from Memorial Day through Labor Day for $30,000 per month, for a grand total of almost $100 K.

There were a lot of producers at his Fourth of July party, plus a few writers. My favorite, a young guy who wrote one of the summer's megahits and now is up to $300,000 for a draft and a set, and is not even thirty, had a big fat cigar. He was sitting across from a producer who also had a big fat cigar. Neither of them wore a shirt. Both of them were with blonde girls who made whippets look like walruses.

"This strike is about the egomania of the Guild leadership," said the producer.

"Ha, ha," said the twenty-seven-year-old writer with the golden pen. "It's about the producers trying to break the Guild. But they're not going to succeed." He wrapped his arm around his girlfriend and swept his cigar toward the glittering Santa Monica Bay. "We are the workers. We make the movies. Without us there wouldn't be any movies. And I'm not worried about the writers who are

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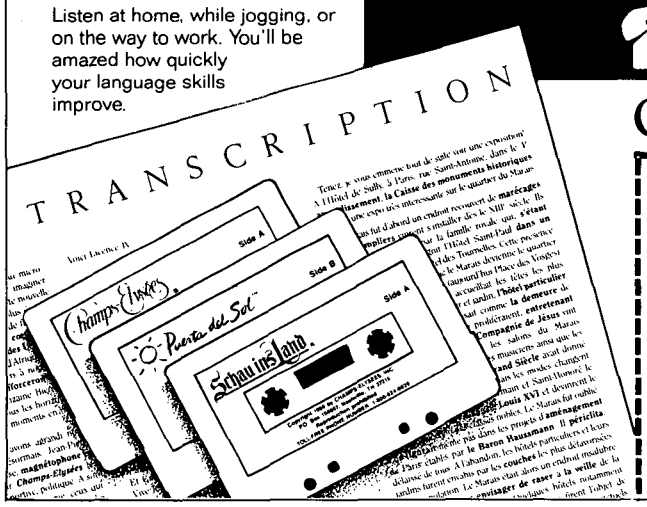

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THE BUSINESS OF AMERICA

NAGGING DEBTORS

by Irwin M. Stelzer

This past summer marked the sixth anniversary of what is misleadingly called "the Third World debt crisis." In August 1982, Mexico, richly endowed with natural resources, announced that it could no longer pay interest on its international debt, then $80 billion (now $107 billion). Its solution: to borrow $3 billion more to meet its obligations. In quick succession Argentina, Brazil, and other debtors announced that they, too, could not service their debts.

This brought to a screeching halt the much-hailed process of "recycling." The oil-producing countries, unable to use the huge surpluses the OPEC cartel's extortion was producing, were pouring cash into the world's banks. The banks recycled these funds—lent them to Latin American and other countries at seemingly profitable interest rates, on the theory that sovereign countries pay their bills. So confident were the banks on this score that they made no effort to distinguish between countries that had paid past debts and those that had defaulted.

Unfortunately, the borrower nations did not make productive use of the resources they borrowed. As Anna J. Schwartz, of the National Bureau of Economic Research, pointed out in her Presidential Address to the Western Economic Association, the money went to finance consumption, including "extravagant living by corrupt officials"; to meet the deficits of "inefficient and unprofitable state-owned enterprises"; or disappeared in "capital flight" induced by confiscatory government policies.

Since the borrowed funds had not been invested in a way that would generate earnings, it was only a matter of time before the borrowers had no income stream from which to pay interest on their loans. When that time came, they had two choices. The first was to rein in public-sector spending and to privatize the bloated government-owned companies that were running huge deficits. This option, which came to be known as "austerity" but really meant living within their means, was rejected in favor of a second—more borrowing.

American, British, and other banks cooperated. After all, if interest payments were suspended, the banks' income would decline, reducing their profits and their capital bases. So the banks agreed to lend Mexico et al. still more money, to be used to pay the interest on the existing loans.

And the American government cooperated, too. Republicans, ever solicitous of their banker-constituency, wanted to avoid having their friends take an earnings hit. So they were delighted when bank regulators turned a blind eye to the obvious fact that the loans weren't worth anything like the figures shown on the banks' books. And Treasury Secretary James Baker did all he could to bail the banks out, exerting pressure on international agencies to step in, and on the banks to lend still more money to be used by debtor nations to pay interest on old debt.

Republican solicitude for the banks was matched by Democratic concern for the debtor nations. What Anna Schwartz calls "debtor country sympathizers" did not want the borrowers to be forced to reduce their welfare programs or cut back on subsidies to their loss-making state enterprises. So they joined in one proposal after another to transform the problem from one between a banker and a reneger to one of creating international institutions that would relieve the debtors of responsibility for repayment.

Meanwhile, Latin American politicians denounced the banks that had somehow forced them to borrow to finance their inefficiency and corruption. And in February of last year, Brazil, Latin America's largest debtor, declared a debt moratorium: it would repay neither interest nor principal. The international financial system, we were warned, was tottering. Huge government bail-outs would be required. But nothing much happened. True, American banks finally had to recognize what the markets already knew: the foreign loans would never be repaid in full. First Citicorp, and then others, reserved against or otherwise wrote down the value of the uncollectable loans. Markets found the banks' recognition of reality encouraging: as bad loans were written down, banks' share prices went up.

Encouraged by the markets' reaction to their (belated) willingness to solve their own problems, the banks developed other techniques to reduce their exposure. Some are swapping the notes they hold for equity in enterprises operating in the debtor countries. Others are selling their loans at discounts. Still others are simply writing off some bad debts. These schemes have two interesting characteristics: they rely on the market's determination of the value of the loans, and they require no U.S. government intervention. The banks will continue to negotiate their way through the "debt crisis"—unless a banker's equivalent of Lee Iacocca persuades a presidential equivalent of Jimmy Carter that the government should transfer the banks' losses to the taxpayers.

Not only banks but borrowers too have made some changes. Brazil, for example, conceded in the spring that it could not run its economy (inflation is 900 percent a year) without help from the banks whose loans it had repudiated. So it resumed interest payments on its debts and cobbled together a package of internal reforms that won the approval of the International Monetary Fund. Those steps taken, Brazil's finance minister persuaded first the London banks and, this summer, the Paris Club (representing government creditors) to stretch out the repayment period of old loans (reducing annual interest payments by $500 million), to convert some debt into equity participation in Brazil's economy, and to make new funds available.

But most debtors are stubbornly refusing to adopt the internal reforms that can solve their economic problems in a way that new borrowings most certainly cannot. In 1982, when the "debt crisis" began, Mexico agreed to reduce its deficit, then running at 16 percent of GNP, in return for a loan from the International Monetary Fund. It got the loan. Five years later Mexico's deficit came to 17 percent of GNP. And promises to privatize large portions of the economy remain unfulfilled: some three-quarters of the economy is still in the public sector.

Any hope that oil prices will increase enough to bail Mexico out seems forlorn—and not only because oil markets are soft. Consider this fact: between 1980 and 1984, before oil prices collapsed, Mexico's earnings from oil exports rose from $9.4 billion to $15 billion. But its foreign debt rose from $51.4 billion to $93.7 billion. A 60 percent increase in oil revenues, in short, was accompanied by an 80 percent increase in foreign debt.

All this makes nonsense of Mexico's efforts to blame its troubles on foreign lenders. Clearly, basic economic reforms are required. But the strong showing of leftist Cuauhtemoc Cárdenas in the recent election promises to undermine any resolve newly elected President Carlos Salinas de Gortari might have had to push through such economic reforms. The *New York Times* quotes a conveniently unidentified "foreign economic analyst" as saying, "If there is one thing the election showed, it was that Mexicans are no longer willing to go on repaying the debt at any cost. . . . [T]he electorate was in complete agreement on that point." Presumably, this is a warning that our government must

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Irwin M. Stelzer, TAS's monthly business correspondent, is director of the Energy and Environmental Policy Center of the John F. Kennedy School, Harvard University, and an American correspondent for the London Sunday Times.

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intervene to avoid the wrath of the Mexican masses.

Forget for the moment that Mexico can't "go on" repaying its debt since it has never done so: debt has increased sharply since 1982. Repayments were made from further borrowing. Consider only that Mexico wants to keep borrowing so that it need not face down its trade unions or its bloated bureaucracy. If U.S. banks continue lending, having been warned by Cárdenas that Mexico will "stop paying the foreign debt on the terms being demanded," it should be of concern only to the banks' shareholders, not the U.S. taxpayer. The government should benignly neglect the entire affair.

For only negotiations between borrowers and lenders can produce a lasting solution. Borrowers who renege will find, as did Brazil, that they can't function as international financial pariahs. Lenders who take losses will stop throwing good money after bad. The cycle of debt-to-repay-debt will be broken. Indeed, there are some signs that just that may be happening. Alexandre Lamfalussy, general manager of the Bank for International Settlements, was able to report recently that bank exposure to bad loans is falling, while debtor countries are improving their debt service positions.

But market-induced solutions don't please politicians or most academics. Cárdenas is not the only Latin politician who blames his country's plight on its onerous interest payments. Argentina's Peronist candidate for president, Carlos Saul Menem, is doing the same, despite the fact that Argentina's problems are clearly of its own making: only 50,000 of the country's 30 million people pay income tax, public-sector enterprises lose billions every year, and Argentina has the only oil industry in the world (state-owned, of course) that regularly loses money. And Venezuela's Carlos Andres Perez, also running for president, is taking a similar line.

It is playing well in the debtor countries—as well as in America's liberal universities. Harvard's Jeffrey Sachs, perhaps the leading academic economist-expert on Latin American debt, warns that the region "is going sour. On the debt, if on nothing else, Mr. Cárdenas is right." After all, Sachs argues, Latin American debt was in most instances "incurred by military governments and is now being paid off by democratic governments." He calls for "a more balanced view" of "whether the debtor countries can be squeezed into paying their debts in full." In short, our government and the international agencies should pick up the tab, which Sachs estimates will cost U.S. taxpayers "a billion dollars a year at most, over a period of several years . . ."

It remains to be seen whether a new American President—Republican or Democrat—will resist the arguments of academics, the threats of Third World politicians, and the whinings of bankers, and let the borrowers and lenders slug it out to a market-determined conclusion. If he doesn't, he may find himself faced with an even trickier problem—bailing out Communist countries that are borrowing from Western banks at a furious clip. The Soviet Union and its East European satellites, their economies in ruins, are looking to capitalist bankers for relief. And getting it. Eastern Europe's net debt rose from $70 billion to almost $100 billion between 1985 and 1987. Czechoslovakia's rose 50 percent, while its economic performance deteriorated. Hungary's debt obligations will consume 70 percent of its hard currency earnings this year; it has begun to inquire about rescheduling!

So, bail out Latin American profligates today, and we may get to save East European Communists tomorrow. Better to let the bank/lenders and the nation/borrowers know, now, that they are on their own. □

Orthodox Catholics: DON'T DESPAIR!

Anne Roche Muggeridge, daughter-in-law of convert Malcolm Muggeridge, has said in her recent book, *The Desolate City: Revolution in the Catholic Church* (Harper & Row): "Because the integrity of its message has been betrayed, the Catholic Church is in ruins. Yet even now there are converts, of exceptionally high quality, and their number is increasing with the tenure of the present Pope. Catholics watched with a mixture of pity and amusement as the excellent Anglo-Catholic *New Oxford Review* argued and agonized itself into the [Roman] Catholic Church. I know a substantial number of recent converts like this and am much edified by their purity and ardour. Seven of them are my godchildren, and I must confess that some of us, to our shame, earnestly tried to delay them, on the grounds of the growing disorder in the Catholic Church. They forced their way past us anyway, thank God. They come because at the highest level of Catholic teaching, the doctrine of the faith, though much embattled, remains uncompromised and is as fearlessly proclaimed by John Paul II as by Peter, Paul, Ignatius, or Augustine. These new Catholics and the extraordinary Pope to whom they belong are a very present comfort when one is tempted to despair."

Over the last quarter century, the number of converts to Roman Catholicism slowed to a trickle. But now, a new wave of converts is entering the Church. What's more, contrary to the shibboleth that Catholicism is a superstitious religion for the ignorant, an unusually high proportion of the new Catholics consists of writers and intellectuals. Among them, it may be hoped, is another Chesterton, another Maritain, another Newman, another Ronald Knox, another Dorothy Day, another Gerard Manley Hopkins, another Edith Stein – converts all.

The new converts are not attracted to the diluted Catholicism of the Hans Kungs, the Charles Currans, or those who sign ads favoring legal abortion. No, they are attracted by the Catholicism of the ages, the Magisterium, and the inspiring leadership of the current Pope.

The forum for the new generation of converts is the NEW OXFORD REVIEW, a monthly magazine that takes its name from the 19th-century Oxford Movement in England. Today there is a new Oxford Movement afoot in America. Among the converts to Roman Catholicism who write for the REVIEW are Paul C. Vitz, George William Rutler, Sheldon Vanauken, John C. Cort, Walker Percy, Thomas Howard, L. Brent Bozell, James J. Thompson Jr., and Peter Kreeft. But the REVIEW isn't just for converts. Most of our writers are cradle Catholics and a significant minority belongs to various other churches. Amazingly, while the REVIEW is a lightning rod for "papist" pilgrims, it is also ecumenical in spirit. And we cover the full range of issues of concern to today's reflective and believing Christian.

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GORBO, PUGO, AND A CAPTIVE NATION

by Ojars Kalnins

Ask a party boss in Soviet-ruled Latvia what he thinks of Gorbachev's reforms, and like the dutiful puppet he's learned to be, he'll publicly recite the latest paeons coming out of Moscow. Get him off alone, out of earshot of his bosses in the Kremlin, and he'll tell you what his country really needs is a little dose of that old-time stagnation.

If the hard-line Communists that rule Latvia have souls, these are the times that were meant to try them. Once in the not too distant past, a loyal apparatchik like Boris Pugo, First Secretary of the Latvian Communist Party, had it easy. He could do what he pleased, arrest anyone he wanted, and never had to hear a dissenting word. Now, thanks to Gorbachev and glasnost, he has had to endure a series of indignities that as a former KGB chief he could never have imagined possible.

Pugo's growing problem is rooted in the nature of the Latvian situation itself. Like its Baltic neighbors, Estonia and Lithuania, it won its independence in 1918 and was doing just fine as a sovereign state until Stalin invaded in 1940. A rigged election brought forth a made-in-Moscow puppet government, which—surprise!—begged the Kremlin to liberate Latvia from sovereignty and reincarnate it as a Soviet Republic. Stalin's political stage-managing was so clumsy and transparent that even now, forty-eight years later, few Western governments are willing to recognize the Baltic States as Soviet Republics.

Of course, it was the Balts themselves who were least of all willing to accept the legitimacy of Soviet rule. Yet under the iron reign that began with Stalin and continued through Chernenko, no one dared raise a fuss unless he was prepared to spend the rest of his life in the Gulag. Between 1940 and 1987 hundreds of thousands did. With the voices of Baltic dissent safely stilled in Siberia, all was quiet in Latvia, Lithuania, and Estonia. Yes-men like Pugo, responsible for maintaining his Latvian satrapy, liked it—and kept it—that way.

And then came Gorbachev and glasnost. In Moscow, allowing intellectuals to criticize the entrenched bureaucracy, the crimes of Stalin, and the stagnation of Brezhnev may have made sense. This criticism attacked corruption within the system, but rarely the system itself. In the Baltic States the incompetence and cruelty of past Soviet rulers had been devastating, but it was essentially a secondary concern. The real issue was whether the Soviets had a right to be there in the first place. The Balts knew they didn't. They also knew that, at least in principle, the rest of the free world agreed. The moment Gorbachev took the muzzle off public criticism, the Balts went to the heart of the matter: the demands were for self-determination, sovereignty, and the right to secede.

Throughout last year, as a result of Gorbachev's permissiveness, the fledgling Latvian human rights group "Helsinki 86" was able to generate several sizable street demonstrations with unmistakable nationalist overtones. The authorities pegged Helsinki 86 as extremist and its followers as social outcasts, claiming that no self-respecting Latvian shared their radical ideas. Then came the Latvian Writers' Union Plenum, held on June 1 of this year, in anticipation of the XIXth Party Conference in Moscow. With Pugo and company in the audience, Mavriks Vulfsons, a longtime party loyalist and trusted political commentator for Latvian state TV, ascended to the podium and told Latvia's party elite that "there was no revolution in Latvia in 1940, just a Stalinist occupation." According to Vulfsons, the Soviet version of Latvian history for the last forty-eight years—one which, he confessed, he had also espoused—had really been a "sham." The Latvian intellectuals in the audience applauded wildly. The party bosses were dumbstruck.

A week later, while Pugo was still overcoming the shell-shock of Vulfsons's public confession, the Writers' Union detonated an even bigger bombshell. In a resolution published on the front page of the Union's newspaper, *Literatura un Maksla* (Literature and Art), the Writers' Union demanded that Latvia be acknowledged as a "sovereign state." The lengthy document called for separate representation at the U.N. and the Olympic Games, local control over the press and foreign travel procedures, freedom to forge closer ties with Latvians abroad, and the right to assert greater control over military and secret police activities. The Writers' Union resolution was remarkably similar to a ten-point proposal set forth by the "extremists" of Helsinki 86 just six months earlier.

Although they had yet to formulate an official response to the intellectuals' demands, the party bosses grudgingly approved a request by unofficial Latvian groups, sometimes called "informals," to hold a public rally in Riga on June 14 to commemorate the victims of the Stalinist deportations in Latvia in 1941. After all, criticizing Stalin was all the rage in Moscow, and the rally would give the restive population a chance to let off a little steam. Anatolijs Gorbunovs, the chief ideologist on the Latvian Communist Party Central Committee, even agreed to join dissident clergymen and national rights activists on the podium for the event.

Once again, the party got more than it had bargained for. The rally turned into the largest nationalist demonstration in Latvia since the Soviet occupation. Close to 100,000 people jammed city streets, waving the outlawed maroon-and-white national flag of independent Latvia and carrying signs that read, "RED ARMY GO HOME!" "SS=KGB," "DOWN WITH 40 YEARS OF STALINIST OCCUPATION," and "A FREE LATVIA IN A UNITED EUROPE." Mavriks Vulfsons showed up and amplified his Writers' Union speech. Eduards Berklavs, a recently rehabilitated former party leader purged by Khrushchev in 1959 for excessive nationalism, condemned the Russification of Latvia. With an uncomfortable Gorbunovs standing nearby, Berklavs told the cheering crowd, "The present government in Latvia is incapable of dealing with existing problems, and therefore must step down." Prague Spring had arrived in Riga.

The one-two punch of the Writers' resolution and the June 14 rally prompted the party leaders to call a special meeting on June 18 to deal with rising nationalist unrest in the country. Unbeknownst to Pugo, glasnost had penetrated even the party's inner circle. A clandestine tape recording was made of the explosive meeting and transcripts were leaked to dissidents in Latvia and to the Munich-based Radio Free Europe. Within days, most of the Latvian population had their first insight into the uncensored thoughts of their party leaders. Pugo warned that the party was losing control of the population. Stanislaus Zukulis, the Latvian KGB chief, complained that "the KGB has not performed its duty properly

Ojars Kalnins is public relations director of the American Latvian Association and chairman of the Joint Baltic American National Committee.

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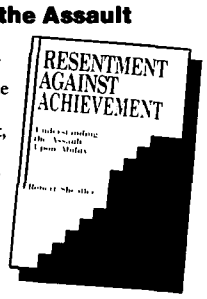

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because we have not been given concrete orders. . . . The power is being taken from the Party." Janis Dzenitis, the party's head procurator, castigated Vulfsons, the Latvian press, and the informal groups that had organized the June 14 rally. "At this moment we can do nothing," Dzenitis said, "but in the future we will recommend criminal actions. . . . Surely we will find criminal codes under which we can lock up the informals." One Central Committee member ominously mused that the increasingly confrontational atmosphere in the country may not be all bad, because if the situation continued to get worse, there were always tanks in the nearby town of Adazi. Pugo thoughtfully responded: "Yes, that is a view that is seriously being expressed."

As a consequence of the meeting, the party leaders published a strongly worded criticism of the recent "excesses." Rather than intimidate the masses, the statement infuriated them. Within days a demonstration was held at the Central Committee headquarters to protest its actions. Less than a month later, an annual Latvian folk festival in Riga turned into what the *New York Times*'s Moscow correspondent, Philip Taubman, described as "an exuberant nationalist rally." On July 16, over 30,000 people gathered in an outdoor amphitheater in Riga to demand the rehabilitation of the former national flag of independent Latvia. Dozens of the flags dotted the audience and lined the stage, as speaker after speaker intermingled calls for "a sovereign Latvia" with criticism of the existing government. Behind the speakers was displayed a huge English-language-banner which read, "LATVIA, LITHUANIA AND ESTONIA, COME TOGETHER TO FREEDOM!"

Knowing they couldn't prevent the rally, party officials tried to defuse it a day earlier by placing an article in Latvian newspapers lamely asserting that the old maroon-and-white flag had never been illegal, and thus didn't need to be "rehabilitated." To which one rally speaker responded, "If that's the case, then every arrest and imprisonment over the last forty-eight years for displaying the Latvian flag must itself have been illegal."

The ultimate insult came on July 21, when the party leadership held its annual rally to commemorate the forty-eighth anniversary of the installation of Soviet power in Latvia. Several thousand workers, mostly Russians, were bused in from factories to listen to Pugo and company give the standard stump speeches in praise of the party. As the ceremony got underway, more than 4,000 Latvians, waving flags and anti-Soviet posters, marched onto the scene. While many of the suddenly intimidated "official" demonstrators began slipping away into the trees, the Latvians moved to the front of the crowd and demanded that one of their spokesmen be allowed to address the rally. A seething Pugo acceded to the demand and had to stand by silently as Arvids Ulme, president of the Latvian Environmental Protection Club—the largest and most active independent group to emerge in Latvia in the last year—accused the government of genocide against the Latvian people and destruction of their environment. The moment Ulme concluded his fiery speech, the presiding party apparatchiks hastily declared the rally over and fled the scene.

Although there's no question that Pugo and his hard-line supporters are outraged by the boldness of the Latvian nationalists, their real nemesis seems to be Gorbachev. If it weren't for Gorbachev and his troika of glasnost, perestroika and democratization, the local party wouldn't have to stand for this kind of public embarrassment. But the resurgence of nationalism in Latvia, which is paralleled in neighboring Estonia and Lithuania, poses an even stickier dilemma for Gorbachev himself. The movement may ultimately force a reassessment or redefinition of the "dissident" movement in the Soviet Union. Moscow dissidents, although well known in the West, have always represented a minuscule part of the Soviet population. The working classes have had little interest in overthrowing the Soviet government and little sympathy for the likes of Sakharov and Grigoryants. To date, these relatively few dissidents and intellectuals have also been the prime beneficiaries of glasnost, since it enables them to express their views without fear of imprisonment. The Soviet masses, concerned with more concrete economic reforms, are largely unimpressed. In the Baltic States, however, every Latvian, Lithuanian, or Estonian, from the lowliest street sweeper to a university professor, qualifies as a dissident if he believes that his nation has a right to sovereignty and self-determination. Glasnost has suddenly enabled him to demand that right. While a demonstration for greater press freedom may mobilize fifty protesters in Moscow, rallies in the Baltic States generate 100,000. Fueled by glasnost, nationalism has expanded the ranks of Soviet dissent a thousandfold.

For now, the nationalist forces in Latvia have formed an alliance with Gorbachev against the local party leadership. Gorbachev would no doubt like to see the anti-reform foes in the Latvian Communist party removed and thus may welcome the support of the dissidents. But if he gives the people too much power, they're going to run with it—right out of the Soviet Union.

This may be the reason Gorbachev's calls for a return to the principles of Lenin are being met with ironic smiles by the Baltic people. It was Lenin, after all, who condemned the imperialism of the Russian Czars and defended self-determination and independence for Czarist-ruled territories. While it may not have been his intent, Lenin's Bolshevik coup d'état weakened the Czarist empire enough to enable the Latvians, Lithuanians, and Estonians to break away and form independent states in 1918. What many in the West are calling Gorbachev's "second Russian Revolution" is looking more and more to Balts as a golden opportunity to make history repeat itself. □

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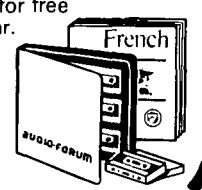

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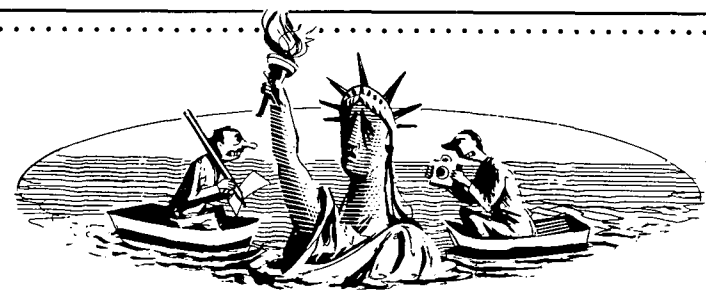

THE NEW McCARTHYISM

by Michael Ledeen

The great evil of McCarthyism was the political witchhunt, in which innocent people were smeared and ruined on the basis of rumor and innuendo rather than solid evidence of wrongdoing. With the defeat of McCarthy and the triumph of liberal democracy in the mid-fifties, such things were supposed to have been driven from American political life. Wrong. McCarthyism thrives in Washington, D.C., a city in which, once you have been attacked in the media, you are widely held guilty until proven innocent, in which guilt by association is commonplace, and where political witchhunts are now so frequent as to escape comment. The inquisitioners, now as in the fifties, generally come from the Congress, but the organizers of the witchhunts, the leaders of the lynch mob, the Red Queens of this murderous pack of cards, come from the media.

The stories of the victims of the new McCarthyism now fill a good-sized volume: from Raymond Donovan to Hamilton Jordan to Robert L. Green (the former president of the University of the District of Columbia, who was hounded out of town on the basis of charges that were found to be false), from James Beggs to Anne Burford, Les Lenkowsky and Bert Lance, people are damaged—even ruined—on the basis of unsubstantiated, anonymous allegations. From the moment the allegations are published, the curtain falls. Clients run away, job opportunities vanish, friends are hard to find, telephone calls don't get answered, children are subjected to ridicule even by their teachers, wives develop homicidal tendencies. Even if they are eventually "cleared," it is often too late for them to resume their lives at anything like the level at which they functioned prior to the scandals. When Raymond Donovan asked where he could get his reputation restored, he was only telling half the story. For many victims of the new McCarthyism, the ability to find work and earn money is also very much at stake.

Like the original version, the new McCarthyism is wrong, vicious, and un-American. It is a warning sign, a symptom of the possible degeneration of democracy into mob rule. This dangerous process is catalyzed by the media and fueled by the lawyers and investigators that make up such a large part of the population of the nation's capital. It has already produced a terrifying result: the most fundamental principle of our legal system—a person is innocent until proven guilty—has been driven out of town on a rail. I wonder if there is any real hope of bringing it back until the cycle has run its full course.

"Innocent until proven guilty" is something precious, and a real rarity on this planet. In those parts of Europe where Napoleonic law still rules, the burden of proof is on the accused, not the accusers. And in most of the rest of the world, the same basic principle applies. We and the British, along with those countries that go by British tradition, maintain the opposite approach, firm in our conviction that it is better for some of the guilty to go unpunished than for the innocent to be sent to prison.

Yet today, the ruination of a person in public life takes place long before (and often without) any finding of guilt. It is generally sufficient for the odor of scandal to attach itself to a person for the process of ostracism and decline to begin. And while the odor comes from many places—the investigators, colleagues, enemies, "informed sources"—it invariably arrives through the media. Some publications seem to make it a point of honor to slander public figures. The *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, for example, ran an editorial about the Pentagon scandal which included the following "thoughts":

> . . . a strong-willed manager like former Navy Secretary John Lehman and his cohorts could ride rough-shod over Congress and the other armed services. It is also not surprising that the current bribery investigation centers on many of these same people.

John Lehman has been named in article after article as a potential target of some investigation or other. His picture has been on the front pages. His name has been pronounced in close proximity to other words like "bribery," "illegal," and "scandal." The disgraceful *Post-Dispatch* speaks of "many of these same people," yet names only Lehman. Yet John Lehman has been accused of nothing, and, so far as I can tell, no evidence of any wrongdoing on his part has been introduced by anyone.

Even the *New York Times*, which is straining nobly to develop internal rules that require higher standards of evidence before publishing allegations that people are under investigation, has run two very long articles about Rep. Bill Chappell of Florida that make me gasp. On July 26, *Times* reporter David Johnston wrote that Chappell's "ties to military contractors were known to have come under scrutiny in the Pentagon fraud and bribery investigation." But then the second paragraph reads:

> In the six weeks since Mr. Chappell's name appeared in connection with the investigation, he has repeatedly asserted his innocence on procurement matters and has not been charged with wrongdoing. But court documents, Pentagon records, interviews with people familiar with the case and news reports suggest that the activities of the Florida Democrat continue to interest investigators.

Pretty weak stuff, to put it mildly. But the impact was such that Chappell said he felt "trampled" by all the publicity.

Less than a month later, on August 12, David Johnston unloaded again. The ominous headline read "Rep. Chappell's Ties to a Contractor." The first paragraph told us that Chappell had successfully urged a military contractor to open a plant in his district. The second paragraph revealed that "Federal court documents, Florida corporate records, campaign spending reports and interviews with people familiar with Mr. Chappell's relationship with Armtec indicate that the lawmaker had a complex relationship with the company." Way down in paragraph six, we get the bottom line:

> Mr. Chappell appears to have acted lawfully in these dealings. . . . However, investigators have declined to discuss the specific areas of Mr. Chappell's relationship with the company that are being investigated.
>
> The lawmaker has not been charged with any wrongdoing. He has said he adhered to a high ethical standard of conduct in his dealings with Armtec.
>
> No Armtec officials have been charged in connection with the inquiry. Last week Armtec laid off its 89 employees and shut down its operations.

Unless I've missed something, this means that the *Times* is trampling poor Chappell, even though its investigatory Mr. Johnston has come up empty-handed in his efforts to pin something on Chappell. It also appears that the publicity has been enough to kill off the Armtec company. And just to cover its flagrantly exposed derriere, the *Times* puts in all that stuff warning its readers that there's really no evidence at all.

So why publish the story, when there's no story there? And keep in mind that the *New York Times* is the most ethically concerned of the major newspapers (which is one reason why papers with less concern—like the *Washington Post*—so often scoop the *Times*, which demands a higher standard of evidence).

Indeed, as *U.S. News & World Report* correctly announced in its August 22 edition, the great Pentagon scandal of 1988 looks more and more like a balloon with air whistling out of a thousand holes. A month earlier, *Aviation Week & Space Technology* announced that the Navy had reversed temporary suspensions on no less than nine contracts that had allegedly been

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Michael Ledeen is author of the new book, Perilous Statecraft: An Insider's Account of the Iran-Contra Affair *(Charles Scribner's Sons).*

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involved in the FBI investigations, and *U.S. News* added that chief investigator Henry Hudson—the same man who seems to have leaked the disinformation that some Libyans in Northern Virginia were planning the assassination of Oliver North (another of those charges for which no known evidence exists)—"doesn't expect indictments for some time."

No matter. Thanks to their willing accomplices in the media, Hudson & Co. can ruin whomever they wish, because the leak is mightier than the courtroom. Once destroyed in the media, a clean bill of health from a court is pretty meager consolation, like bestowing a medal on a dead soldier. Look at Jim Beggs, the NASA chief whose distinguished career was destroyed by a misguided investigation from the Justice Department, duly leaked to the press, which raised such a ruckus that Beggs had to leave town. A year or two later, Justice decided it had all been a mistake. (Unbelievably, it required a full year after *that* decision for the wretched Meese to issue an apology to Beggs.)

If one is truly to be held innocent until proven guilty, then unsubstantiated allegations should not be published. The media should be required to wait until wrongdoing has been established, or, as the Founding Fathers wished, until an indictment has been handed down by a grand jury (that is the reason why grand jury proceedings are supposed to be secret, in order to protect the good names of innocent persons). To be sure, a good prosecutor can, as the saying goes, get a grand jury to indict a ham sandwich, but waiting for indictments is a lot better than the present situation, in which a prosecutor can indict someone in the media, and doesn't have to bother with the rather slower tempo of due process.

Requiring that wrongdoing has been established before writing about it would do wonders to calm the currently superheated atmosphere in which media and government officials operate, but it has some serious problems. For starters, such a requirement would violate the First Amendment, and, by depriving the press of its important investigatory role, would undoubtedly encourage favoritism among prosecutors and judges. One wants good investigative journalism, for it is sometimes the only way to uncover wrongdoing. But one also wants to avoid besmirching innocent parties.

So we have two important principles of American life in conflict. A satisfactory compromise must be found. In order to work, that compromise will have to provide satisfactory answers to two questions: Can we devise a reasonable set of rules that will safeguard the media's right to free expression and also the individual's right against mischievous and damaging attacks from the press? Is there some method of accountability that can be enforced on those who flagrantly violate those rules?

We can certainly make a set of rules that would, if observed, restore some sense of calm and orderliness to our political life. The main requirement is that, if the media are going to publish or broadcast damaging information about a person, the information should be true. If damaging articles or broadcasts turn out to be false, the person should have the ability to recover damages. That is the reasoning behind anti-defamation laws. Yet the current interpretation of libel requires that a plaintiff establish not only that the offending articles or broadcasts were false and damaging, but that they were created, in full knowledge that they were false, precisely to damage him. This is just too much to ask. In the rest of the world, the only defense against a libel suit is . . . truth. If the publication or broadcast is found to be false and damaging, then the plaintiff wins. We must move closer to this position.

At the same time, one does not have to insist that only "truth" can save the media from paying damages. I would favor, for example, permitting the media to defend themselves by demonstrating that they were misled by one or more sources. But in that case, the sources should automatically become the defendants in the suit (and the media could not refuse to identify the sources, while using the sources to protect themselves from libel accusation). I believe this would stop many of the false stories.

Second, the set of rules should require that we make an effort to put stories about individuals in some sort of overall context. For example, in stories about defense contractors allegedly involved in illegal or even unethical behavior, it would help readers—and probably temper the often excessive zeal of the reporters—to describe the ethical standards of the industry at large. What is generally accepted as proper behavior, and what is universally frowned upon? One fact that took quite a while to emerge from the coverage of this very big story is that more and more American companies are refusing to do business with the United States government because of the seemingly infinite levels of bureaucracy, green-eyeshade types, and the inevitable barristers, that consume time and energy in any contractual relationship with the Department of Defense. The country can ill afford a situation in which only those who can't make it in the open market will agree to do work for the government. So context is very important indeed, and should be given in any of these stories.

That leaves us with the question of accountability and enforcement, a drum which has been beating steadily in this column for some months. The media folks don't like it at all, but the clock is ticking on their free ride with the American public. It is time to enforce professional standards in the media, a need as obvious to concerned citizens as it is distasteful to the media practitioners. Typically, as I write, the latest news from the networks is that even the few in-house groups charged with monitoring professional standards on television are being shut down. This message will not be lost on the people and their elected representatives.

We may have reached a turning point, thanks to the spectacular and embarrassing spectacle of the media lynch mob going after Dan Quayle in New Orleans, and the honest reaction of the citizens of the Hoosier State. After the Republican Convention, the media continued their assault on Senator Quayle in his home town of Huntington, Indiana. Many of the same reporters who took great pride in delegitimizing the war in Vietnam, now had the *chutzpah* to accuse Quayle of moral turpitude in looking for alternatives to Army service during the war years. And the tone of the questioning, the endless repetition of the accusations-masked-as-questions, and the rudeness of the questioners all served to enrage the citizens of Huntington. They turned on the media, asking some journalists to account for their own activities in the Vietnam period, shouting insults at others, and vocally supporting Quayle. Many of the journalists believed they had been "set up" by the Bush organization, and as much as said so in their articles and reportage. →

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If the journalists are going to write off this unpleasant experience as some sort of clever operation by the Bush organization (an organization that has been described as one of the most ham-handed in history by some of the same journalists who now seem to suspect it of Machiavellian cunning), they will have missed a very important fact about contemporary America. The people are angry, and they are getting angrier about the media. The people wish to see things for themselves, and draw their own conclusions. They do not believe that Rather, Jennings, Brokaw, and the others are reliable guides to the world. They really do want the facts. So, for example, at the political conventions, they want to hear the speeches—all of the speeches, beginning to end—rather than the constant ruminations of the commentators. They wanted to hear Kirkpatrick speak, and they wanted to hear Dole speak, but the networks did not permit the people to hear these speeches. The networks wanted the people to hear the network geniuses *explain* the speeches that they wouldn't let the people hear for themselves (one elegant and dignified exception: Bernard Shaw, the best anchorman in America, and simultaneously the toughest and fairest interviewer, did a great job for CNN at both Atlanta and New Orleans). But the American people are not so stupid as to fail to understand what is going on. The people want the reporters to report, and not constantly to interpret. And the people are tired of the media terror that destroys so many public figures, all too often without just cause. This reaction, which has been building for years, is not a partisan matter; although there is a distinct bias to the media, the terror has been bipartisan, destroying across the political landscape.

This anger will eventually take institutional form, and the Congress will react to it, to the great detriment of the free press. In the conflict between "innocent until proven guilty" and the First Amendment, the pendulum has swung too far in the direction of protecting media that are not only free but all too frequently licentious, unaccountable, and irresponsible. The pendulum is beginning to swing back in the other direction, where concern about truth and fairness counterbalances the absolutist demand for total freedom to publish anything about anyone.

Journalist, edit thyself before the Senate Select Committee on the Media arrives to do it for you. Do not forget that the great Robespierre, the architect of the terror during the French Revolution who gleefully sent his enemies to the guillotine, eventually was beheaded by his own favorite instrument. The terror that threatens the American media tomorrow will take as its slogan, "10, 100, 1,000 Huntington Indianas!" Unless you get awfully lucky, the mob that you have so often unleashed on your enemies will one day devour you in a feeding frenzy of its own. Isn't it better to reform? □

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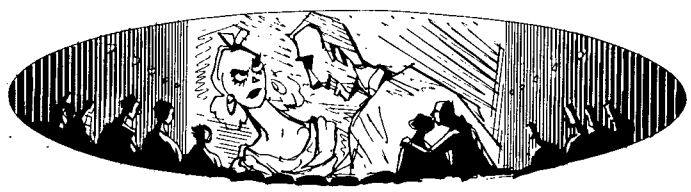

THE STATELY HOMES OF ENGLAND—AND AMERICA

by Bruce Bawer

Want a foolproof recipe for a critically successful late-eighties English film? Here, copy this down: first, get somebody to write a screenplay that is based very faithfully upon a novel by Evelyn Waugh—the miniseries version of whose *Brideshead Revisited*, you'll remember, was largely responsible for the current spate of films about prewar gentlefolk and their grand houses. Next, fill the lead roles with James Wilby and Rupert Graves, the stars of *Maurice*, the most recent production by the acknowledged masters of the grand-houses genre, James Ivory and Ismail Merchant. Then, arrange for beautiful photography, sumptuous production design, exquisite period costuming. Finally, offer a relatively small but colorful role to Sir Alec Guinness, whose very presence in a film is universally recognized as a guarantee of its wit, elegance, and all-around class. *Voila*: a stately, sophisticated, lovely-to-look-at film, guaranteed to please any audience of hoity-toity Brits, stateside *New Yorker* subscribers, or Anglophile voting members of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences (who, after all, gave the Best Picture nod a few years back to the tedious but raffine *Chariots of Fire*).

This, at least, would seem to be the sort of sharp thinking responsible for the existence of *A Handful of Dust*, the execrable new British picture that has been adapted from Evelyn Waugh's wonderful 1934 novel. To watch this film—which was directed by Charles Sturridge (who also directed *Brideshead*) from a script by himself, Tim Sullivan, and Derek Granger—is to have the feeling that while everyone involved in the project may have read the book, not one of them managed to understand it.

The novel, in case you've forgotten, tells the story of a disastrous love triangle. Tony Last is a callow, rather absurdly solemn young husband and father with a fanatical attachment to Hetton, his ugly neo-Gothic country house (each of whose rooms is named for a character in the *Morte Arthur*), and to the English traditions that it symbolizes. His fellow clubman John Beaver is a thoroughly superficial young bachelor-about-London with no job, no prospects, and (aside from his indulgent mother) no visible means of support. And Lady Brenda Last is Tony's lively, charming wife, who detests Hetton and is beginning to grow tired of her dull, trusting husband; so it is that when Beaver pays a weekend visit, it is less sexual attraction than sheer boredom and whim that draw Brenda into an affair with the unsavory young man. The ensuing events are grim: the death of the Lasts' little boy is followed hard upon by a heartless divorce suit. And the conclusion is perfectly bizarre: a disillusioned Tony journeys to a remote corner of South America, where he finds himself trapped in the jungle, condemned to live out his days reading Dickens to a courtly tyrant named Mr. Todd. Meanwhile, back in England, Tony is presumed dead, his beloved mansion inherited by cousins; and a penniless Brenda—thrown over by Beaver—marries Tony's best friend.

Bizarre though it is, however, Waugh's ending works, because it makes perfect sense within the context of his comprehensively ironic vision of the way of all flesh. Throughout the novel, it should be emphasized, Waugh's tone is darkly but assuredly comic: this is a book, after all, that contains people named Lady Cockpurse and Colonel Inch, Souki de Foucault-Esterhazy and Mr. Graceful, Lady Anchorage and Princess Abdul Akbar; Tony's best friend, moreover, is an MP whose method of researching a speech on farm policy is to ask friends over cocktails whether they know anything about pigs. Unquestionably, *A Handful of Dust* is one of the funniest novels of the century. Yet it is, at the same time, a deeply serious novel which borrows its title from *The Waste Land* ("I will show you fear in a handful of dust") and which, like Eliot's poem, communicates a profound anguish concerning the moral and spiritual poverty of modern man. Waugh, like Eliot, reveres God and tradition; and he finds both comedy and tragedy in the utter failure of his characters to do the same. His vision encompasses sympathy as well as bitter scorn for Tony, Brenda, and Beaver alike. (For the hapless, obtuse Tony—though some of his instincts, at least, are correct—is hardly Waugh's idea of a perfect modern Englishman.) The novel's signal achievement is that its combination of serious purpose and comic method works splendidly; to read it is to have the rare feeling that this is a writer who thoroughly understands the people he has created.

To view the film adaptation of this novel, by contrast, is to have the feeling that its director doesn't understand the book at all. Though exceedingly faithful in the specifics of its plot—and even in details of setting and

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dialogue—Sturridge's film fails utterly to capture the spirit of Waugh's novel; it is as sumptuous and glittery as Waugh's novel is spare and stiletto-sharp. Indeed, Sturridge directs the film as if it took place in the same graceful, soft-focus, gently lit demesne as *Brideshead Revisited* or *Maurice* or *A Room with a View*, and not in the distinctive, sardonically imagined world of Waugh's thirties novel. This difference is a crucial one, and among its consequences is that, in Sturridge's film, the South American sequences simply don't work: the very un-Waughian tone that Sturridge has established in the earlier part of the film simply doesn't allow for such an outre conclusion to Tony's story; the transition feels abrupt, and the entire episode with Mr. Todd—which is so wackily on target in the novel—comes across like a misplaced reel from another movie.

Sturridge's casting likewise does damage to Waugh's material. The film's Beaver (Rupert Graves) and Brenda (Kristin Scott Thomas) are so attractive, and its Tony (James Wilby) so hollow a vessel (why does this vapid and incompetent actor keep getting cast in lead roles?), that, in the earlier sequences at any rate, Brenda's infidelity seems perfectly understandable, and for a good portion of the film one actually finds oneself applauding Brenda and Beaver's romance—a response utterly at odds with Waugh's intentions. That this romance is meant to symbolize the amorality and irresponsibility into which men and women descend when they lose their respect for faith and tradition is thoroughly obscured. Though it is engaging, then, and though it contains at least two strikingly good performances—namely, those by Alec Guinness in the role of Mr. Todd, and by Anjelica Huston as a rich American woman named Mrs. Rattery—this adaptation of *A Handful of Dust* is lamentably off the mark.

A Handful of Dust is a young man's novel; *Theophilus North*, published in 1973 by Thornton Wilder (who was born in 1897, six years before Waugh), is a work of old age. If anything, Wilder's setting is even more upper-crust than Waugh's: while *A Handful of Dust* takes place in a number of highfalutin English residences during the early part of the Depression, *Theophilus North* is set in the mansions of Newport, Rhode Island, during the summer of 1926. Despite the similarity of their milieux, however, there are striking differences between the two novels. Whereas the grimly humorous young Waugh intends, in *A Handful of Dust*, to express his high regard for the stately homes of England and all they represent, as well as his contempt for the social and political forces that have conspired to destroy the symbolically named Tony Last, the elderly (and considerably sunnier) Wilder, in *Theophilus North*, seeks to celebrate the irreverence of youth amidst the stuffiness and mendacity of some of America's own stateliest homes; if *A Handful of Dust* concerns itself with tragic endings, *Theophilus North* is a novel of happy beginnings. Wilder's treatment of the Eternal Things is different too: whereas most of Waugh's characters are notable for their extreme detachment from God, the very name of Wilder's protagonist suggests that he enjoys the special affection of the deity.

Theophilus North—which is, as it happens, heavily autobiographical—takes the form of an elderly man's memoir of long ago. In the first couple of chapters we meet the eponymous hero, a 1920 graduate (like Wilder) of Yale who, having taught for several years at a boy's prep school in New Jersey, heads for Newport, takes a room at the YMCA, and begins working as a tutor and reader to the wealthy and their children. Theophilus explains that at various times in his youth he'd had various ambitions—to be a saint, an anthropologist, a lover, an actor, a magician—but notes that what united all of these ambitions was the desire to be "a free man."

"Notice all the projects I did not entertain: I did not want to be a banker, a merchant, a lawyer, nor to join any of those life-careers that are closely bound up with directorates and boards of governors—politicians, publishers, world reformers, I wanted no boss over me, or only the lightest of supervisions. All these aims, moreover, had to do with people—but with people as individuals." And, in fact, each of the remaining chapters of *Theophilus North* recounts our hero's introduction to one or more very distinctive individuals: an extraordinary pair of rich children named Charles and Eloise Fenwick, a poor but literary young Italian named Mino, and so forth.

The film that has been based upon this novel—which Danny Huston has directed from a script by Janet Roach, John Huston (the director's late father), and James Costigan—is called *Mr. North* and is based primarily on two of these chapters, both of which are named for the estates at which they take place. " 'Nine Gables' " is the story of Theophilus's encounters with James McHenry Bosworth (played in the film by Robert Mitchum), an elderly millionaire; with Bosworth's avaricious daughter Sarah (Tammy Grimes), who has convinced the old man that he is ill and non-ambulatory; and with his granddaughter Persis (Anjelica Huston). In " 'The Deer Park' " Theophilus's use of his "electric hands" on an ailing seventeen-year-old girl (he has "a certain gift for soothing, for something approaching mesmerism") lands him in a degree of trouble. These stories are altered considerably in the movie: the filmmakers, for example, turn Persis into Theophilus's love interest, and make her at once more mysterious and (by casting the director's gifted but mannish sister in the role) less beautiful than she is in the novel; and they complicate the "electric hands" incident with a resentful Scots doctor (played by David Warner) who—in the film's weakest sequence—drags Theophilus into court for practicing medicine without a license. The film's happy ending, furthermore, bears no resemblance to anything in the novel.

In terms of story and character, then, *Mr. North* is nowhere near as true to its original as is *A Handful of Dust*. Yet Huston's film is by far the better adaptation. I say this as someone who went to *Mr. North* with fond, if considerbly faded, memories of the book from which it is derived. Wilder's novel is a strange and delightful work, suffused with a gentle, romantic nostalgia for the energy, ideals, and ambitions of youth. I was fortunate enough to read it during my nineteenth summer; and though, years later, I could not recall many of its details, I retained an extremely vivid image of the character of Theophilus and of Newport in the summer, and a strong overall impression of light and air and charm. The film that Danny Huston has made is surprisingly congruous with these lingering images and impressions. Indeed, though *A Handful of Dust* is, in most of the ways that can be quantified, more consistent than *Mr. North* with its source material, the latter film is more faithful in the way that really counts: its feel, its sensibility, are wonderfully close to those of the novel; Huston *fils* makes it possible for a person who has experienced a strong affection for Wilder's novel to leave the theater with the feeling that his affection has been shared, comprehended, and reanimated.

There are, to be sure, problems with the film, and they begin with Anthony Edwards, the young actor who plays the title role. Physically, Edwards is right for the part, but there are times when the dialogue—which is deliberately somewhat formal, even unnatural, in its diction and syntax—sounds a little *too* unnatural coming from his lips. Some of Mitchum's line readings, too, old pro though he is, have the same stilted quality—the reason doubtless being that, Mitchum's impressive range (for a Hollywood movie star of his generation) notwithstanding, a courtly late Victorian plutocrat with a consuming passion for the writings of Bishop Berkeley may be a bit of a stretch for him. Nor does Mitchum seem even slightly helpless and sickly; it is difficult to imagine this bear of a man being bullied by a Tammy Grimes into staying indoors for several years. Yet these are minor cavils. All of the major roles are, for the most part, engagingly acted, and the film is full of strong, interesting supporting performances—notably by Lauran Bacall (as a stylish landlady) and Harry Dean Stanton (as a *faux*-English gentleman's gentleman). Indeed, *Mr. North* is on the whole a most appealing film—a first-rate adaptation that might have pleased Thornton Wilder himself, and made Evelyn Waugh more than a mite envious. □

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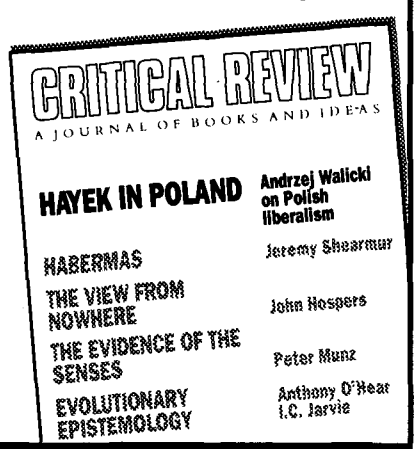

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BOOK REVIEWS

IN SEARCH OF J. D. SALINGER

Ian Hamilton/Random House/$17.95

George Sim Johnston

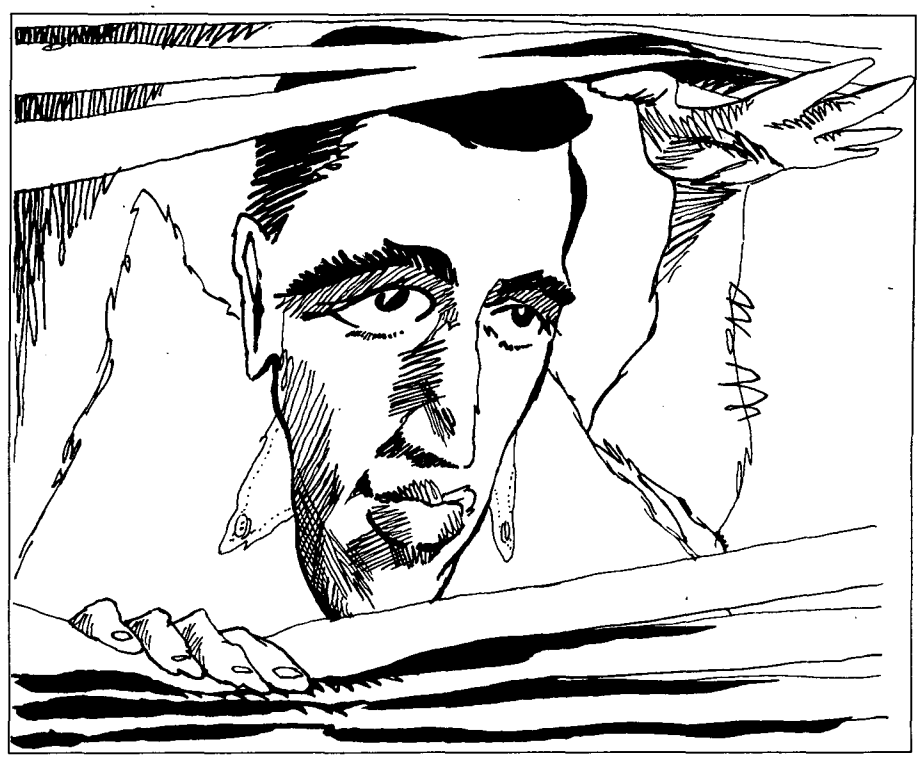
Pascal complained that the whole problem with man is that he cannot sit quietly by himself in a room. There is a modern corollary: the newspaper-reading public cannot tolerate a celebrity doing just that. Cardinal Newman discovered this when he retired to his Littlemore cottage for prayer and meditation. In the case of J. D. Salinger, there is a small bunker with a skylight on the outskirts of Cornish, New Hampshire. "Here the pale man usually sits," ran the famous 1961 cover story in *Time*, "sometimes writing quickly, other times throwing logs onto the fire and making long lists of words until he finds the right ones. . . . Almost all his fictional characters seem more real, more plausible than he."

Salinger's last published story was "Hapworth 16, 1924," which took up an entire issue of the *New Yorker* in June 1965. Norman Mailer called Salinger's previous effort, "Seymour—An Introduction," the "most slovenly portion of prose ever put out by an important American writer." If he had saved the remark for "Hapworth," he would have been right. Since then, through a crack in his door, Salinger has said that he's found "a peace in not publishing." One wonders, though. Shortly before his death, Truman Capote was asked by an interviewer why he supposed Salinger had stopped writing. "I'm told, on very good authority, that he hasn't stopped writing at all. That he's written at least five or six short novels and that all of them have been turned down by the *New Yorker* and that he won't publish anywhere except in the *New Yorker*. And that all of them are very strange and all about Zen Buddhism."

Salinger is the finest fiction writer the *New Yorker* ever produced. The stories he published between 1948 and 1957, from "A Perfect Day for Bananafish" through "Zooey," were a watershed in the history of that magazine. A typical *New Yorker* story before Salinger—say by John O'Hara—was like a television picture which is a little distant and somewhat fuzzy—the kind that doesn't really make you feel that you are there. But Salinger's stories had an extraordinary immediacy; you could almost hear the author breathing beside you—or, in the case of Salinger, chain-smoking cigarettes. (Half the action in a Salinger story involves the manipulation of cigarettes. They provide the same sort of ballast as the nautical minutiae in *Moby Dick*.)

Those stories, along with *The Catcher in the Rye*, have no rivals in postwar American fiction for their impact both on the reading public and on other writers. But none of Salinger's literary heirs, which include people as diverse as John Irving and Ann Beattie, are capable of the effects which Salinger brings off again and again. When Holden Caulfield describes his sister Phoebe as "roller-skate skinny"; or when the two girls in "Just Before the War with the Eskimos" enter a New York apartment lobby—"At fifteen, Ginnie was about five feet nine in her 9-B tennis shoes, and as she entered the lobby, her self-conscious rubber-soled awkwardness lent her a dangerous amateur quality. It made Selena prefer to watch the indicator dial over the elevator"—we see a gifted minor talent making genuine discoveries about the use of language. Like Fitzgerald, Salinger is a master of the adjective. He also has the most acute ear for the vernacular since Ring Lardner and Sinclair Lewis. He is the impresario of classic "New Yorkese."

Mary McCarthy dismissed *The Catcher in the Rye* as a stunt, a feat similar to a one-armed man playing the violin. The observation would apply better to a novel like Bellow's *Herzog*, which is like a three-card monte game rigged so that a critic can't win. But *Catcher* is one of those books, like *This Side of Paradise*, which you think you are going to outgrow but never do. Miss McCarthy's problem may be that she did not grow up in New York. Along with the late E. B. White, Salinger is the prose laureate of New York in the forties and fifties—of New York, that is, when it was really New York. But that city has sunk beneath the pavement like a lost Atlantis. E. B. White wrote ten years ago that "the last time I visited New York, it seemed to have suffered a personality change, as though it had a brain tumor as yet undetected." Anyone old enough to remember the city before 1965 (when, it has been said, the "sixties" really began) experiences the same sense of loss reading Salinger.



In the late fifties, Salinger dropped the spare, laconic style of his early stories, and his fiction became insufferably prolix and self-absorbed. What went wrong? According to Ian Hamilton, author of *In Search of J. D. Salinger*, when Salinger started publishing in the early forties, he was determined to be a "professional." But Salinger was never a professional in the way that, say, Trollope or Evelyn Waugh were professionals. Waugh wrote that he "regarded his books as objects which he had made, things quite external to himself to be used and judged by others." By the period of the Glass family stories, Salinger had no such detachment. He created a literary alter-ego, Buddy Glass, gave him his own year of birth (1919) and publishing history, and then let him go on (and on and on) about an older dead brother, Seymour, an artist-saint type whose hypersensitivity ("If you want to look at my feet, say so. . . . But don't be a God-damned sneak about it") seems a morbid projection of the author's own.

The other problem which became evident in the Glass family saga—and probably made it unsustainable—is Salinger's preoccupation with Eastern mysticism. A man is entitled to his hobbies, but if a fiction writer, of all people, goes about trying to "unlearn differences" in the Oriental manner and has his ear cocked for the sound of one hand clapping instead of fresh dialogue, he is in trouble. The subtle narcissism of Eastern detachment, moreover, creates a bad odor in the Glass family. There is a lack of charity in these stories which you would never find in a story by Tolstoy, even when Tolstoy is portraying characters of whom he totally disapproves. In Salinger, there is the inner circle of the sensitive and the suffering, while everyone else is pretty much beyond the pale. With the exception of the deaf-mute dwarf in "Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters," not a single adult in Salinger's fiction (outside of the Glasses) escapes the author's implicit damnation. The impression of spiritual snobbery only increases when members of the Glass family criticize each other for looking down on the rest of humanity.

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Like E. M. Forster, Salinger loomed larger in the public mind with every book he did not publish. Forster granted an interview now and then, and so was left alone. But by hiding behind his eight-foot fence up there in Cornish, Salinger has guaranteed that any number of journalists and literary groupies would try to jump over it. (If he wants privacy that badly, he should follow Thomas Pynchon's strategy, which is to disappear entirely—presumably into one of the other six dimensions predicated by modern string theory.) Over the years, periodicals ranging from *Life* to the *Village Voice* to the *Paris Review* have sent interviewers up to New Hampshire to try to pry from Salinger a few Zen thoughts. The photographers are the worst, for some reason. Not content with doing his mail box from every angle, they ambush him in downtown Cornish or snap pictures through the chinks in his fence.

In attempting to write a biography of Salinger, Ian Hamilton at least set some honorable ground rules for himself. He put Cornish off bounds and approached Salinger through a few polite letters. The small book he wrote provoked Salinger's litigious wrath, anyway. Hamilton had found a number of early letters and quoted from them liberally. Salinger understandably did not wish to see his private correspondence used, as the affidavit put it, to "flesh out an otherwise lifeless and uninteresting biography." The courts ruled in favor of Salinger, and bound galleys of *J. D. Salinger: A Writing Life* immediately became a collector's item, fetching over a hundred dollars from New York dealers.

I was able to get my hands on one of these galleys, and my reaction was twofold. First, I was surprised that the author of a quite decent biography of Robert Lowell had produced such slipshod work. And, second, the correspondence, while containing some amusing bits, is not worth all the fuss. It's not anywhere so entertaining as the fictional letters which go back and forth in the Glass family. Modern literary biography then was not impoverished by the permanent restraining order from the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit.

Without the letters, Hamilton barely had a pamphlet; so he reworked his material along the lines of Symons's *The Quest for Corvo*, splitting himself into two, the "biographer" and private Mr. Hamilton, so that he could fill out the volume with self-exchanges. The reader will flip ahead to the sketchy biographical bits which are interesting in a low-grade way. Hamilton is far less enamored of his subject the second time around; adjectives like "venomous" have slipped into the portrait. And his criticism of Salinger's work is no more than pleasant chat—which is all it should be, perhaps; Salinger, after all, is not Thomas Mann.

Hamilton speculates that Salinger's amazing transformation as a writer in the late forties was the result of superior *New Yorker* editing. This is surely unfair. There is no way an editor can make the difference between a slick piece of sentimentality like "This Sandwich Has No Mayonnaise," which appeared in *Esquire* in the mid-forties, and the disturbing, endlessly re-readable stories which followed.

Salinger's success was a matter of a minor talent nurtured by hard work. "He wanted to be a good writer and he wrote all the time," is how someone who was with Salinger in the army put it to Hamilton. Salinger had the courage to keep writing and publishing near-trash until he found his voice. That his personal life seems not to have worked out so well may have been part of the bargain. Few escape the iron law of Yeats's observation, "The intellect of man is forced to choose/ Perfection of the life or of the work." Salinger's best stories represent a special moment in postwar fiction, and that is all that should concern us. □

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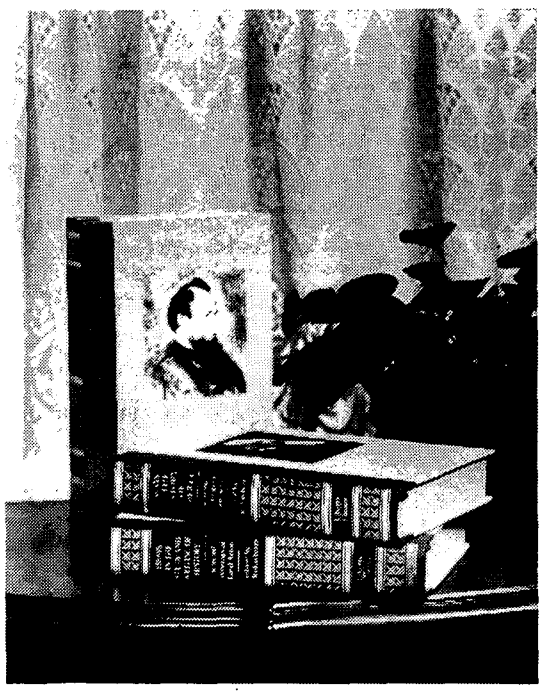

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ALICE ROOSEVELT LONGWORTH

Carol Felsenthal/G.P. Putnam's Sons/$19.95

Brock Yates

Get Kate Hepburn on Two. Here is a story tailor-made for her shrill, spinsterish Brahmin persona. It is a tale with boffo box-office potential, involving deliciously colorful celebrities, international power struggles, sleazy sexual peccadilloes, poignant family dramas, and enough drawing-room wit and brittle wisdom to keep the Algonquin Round Table levitating for days on end. The star is the quintessential Hepburn character, crusty, independent, and gloriously aristocratic on the surface, but in reality as vulnerable and earthy as a Back Bay charwoman. Better yet, it is a story of epic qualities spanning nearly a century of American history, centered on the great and near-great of the Washington political scene.

Brock Yates is a columnist for the Washington Post Magazine.

We'll call it "American Princess," presuming that Danielle Steel or Judith Krantz or Jackie Collins haven't already kicked out a potboiler with the same title for the secretarial set. The protagonist will be Alice Roosevelt Longworth, the eldest daughter of Theodore Roosevelt, and the proprietress of the longest-running salon for the gadflies, egomaniacs, poseurs, and political piranhas who polluted the nation's capital for five decades (and for no less than ten presidencies, Coolidge through Carter). But first rights will have to be obtained from Mrs. Carol Felsenthal, the author of a carefully researched and candidly critical biography on the lady in question.

We'll do the whole thing as a retrospective, with the imperious Ms. Hepburn holding forth in her charmingly seedy, memento-packed townhouse at 2009 Massachusetts Avenue, NW. Her memory will flash back to the very moment when her mother—as well as her paternal grandmother—died in the same New York mansion two days after her birth. She will recall the stormy relationship with her father, the peripatetic Teddy, who essentially ignored her during her childhood as he stormed up various hills, including San Juan and the one which dominates the District of Columbia.

Her youth will be outrageous. She will be the beautiful young lady who scandalizes Washington with her public smoking, intemperate drinking, hot-rod driving, and her defiant sexuality. She will become the haughty, spoiled, elegantly shocking darling of the masses, the lady for whom such tunes as "Alice Blue Gown," and "Alice, Where Art Thou" were composed and who gathered crowds that would rival any attracted by Princess Diana. (Troops had to be called out to control the celebrants following her wedding, which was front-page material for months prior to the ceremony.) She was the perfect aristocrat to confirm the suspicions of the masses. Her legendary extravagances were said to involve a $50,000 annual clothes budget—a number that would surely impress even Jackie O—and, following a particularly gluttonous trip to China, an associate composed a poem about her titled "Alice in Plunderland."

Acting as wonderful foils through all this glittering foolishness will be her two wimpy cousins, Franklin Delano Roosevelt and dowdy wallflower Eleanor—those sissies from the fusty Hyde Park wing of the family who would not only bore one to death but would betray their class by defecting to the hated, unwashed Democrats. (In her youth she delighted in referring to the prissy, mother-smothered FDR as "Feather Duster" and throughout his presidency insisted on calling him "Franklin" in public.)

Alice will marry the drunken, womanizing, eminently untalented Congressman Nick Longworth of Cincinnati, but the union will be doomed from the day the nuptials are performed in the White House. They will both flagrantly defy the rites, with the lovely Alice carrying on such a steamy romance with powerful, hard-knuckled Senator William E. Borah of Idaho, the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, that it results in the birth of her only child, Paulina. Here the richness of the character reveals itself, because Alice Longworth is no beleaguered Camille or doughty Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. She mercilessly hectors her only child, even informing her that she is illegitimate on the eve of her wedding. Mrs. Felsenthal pulls no punches in documenting that our heroine, for all her glittering presence in the drawing room and the bedroom, has the compassion of a Mafia hit man. This failing would ultimately leave her alone, widowed both as mistress and wife and without Paulina, who died—surely a suicide—from an overdose of drugs. Her salvation would be to become the Grande Dame of Washington society, not a social-climbing hostess-with-the-mostest, like Pearl Mesta, but as the keeper of the most exclusive coffee-klatch in the history of the city.

For decades an invitation to Alice Longworth's tiny, chatty, candlelit dinners packed the social cachet of a Cabinet appointment. Great men and women groveled to gain the honor of being among the anointed: Republicans, Democrats, ossified conservatives, fulminating New Dealers, Fascists, Communists, tweedy academics, lusty, dirty-fingernailed labor leaders (like John L. Lewis, whom Mrs. Felsenthal presumes carried on a brief affair with Longworth, at roughly the same time she was lustily supporting the isolationist, right-wing America First Movement!), and assorted literati and entertainers.

Throughout her life she was a lightning rod for the powerful, but remained curiously inert in her own right. She never held a job, other than to briefly compose a failed newspaper column in the thirties (while the hated Eleanor ascended to new heights of celebrity with her syndicated ramblings called "My Day") and a wooden autobiography barren of her iridescent wit. When she espoused causes, she invariably ended up on the losing side, i.e., her father's stillborn Bull Moose Party; the America First Movement; her tedious support of Robert Taft for President and her sanction of Joseph McCarthy. Despite her vaunted skills as a conversationalist, she refused to speak in public and her prose was notably constricted. By limiting communication to her own salon, she was little more than an elegant talk show host for the Washington elite.

One thinks of Madame de Staël, the powerful eighteenth-century political maven whose social connections per-

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mitted her to challenge, aggravate, and inspire men like Talleyrand and Napoleon, or even of Gertrude Stein ("the mama of dada" according to Clifton Fadiman), whose patronizing of the so-called Lost Generation is the stuff of legend. These women, unlike Longworth, were activists within their own spheres of influence, as opposed to our heroine, who relished her role as the operator of a patrician cock-fight: tossing the roosters into the ring and enjoying the battle without ever being sullied by the blood. On her ninetieth birthday she confessed, "I'm a hedonist. I have an appetite for being entertained. Isn't it strange how that upsets some people?"

It does not upset, so much as puzzle. How could a woman with such breeding, intelligence, and connections within the inner circles of power have been so impotent? Moreover, why, in the fashion of the emperor's clothes, did so many movers and shakers consider her imprimatur so crucial? Aside from the obvious benefits accruing from an evening of stimulating conversation, a session at the Longworth table seems to have been highly over-rated. Mrs. Felsenthal produces no evidence that 2009 Massachusetts Avenue was the scene of secret alliances or parleys that in any way altered the course of history. No missile crisis was disarmed, no grand legislative program was conceived, no daring political scheme was devised, so far as we can tell, during the endless, gaseous sessions that unfolded with the deft choreography of this towering yet oddly hollow figure.

Working from the personal recollections of the grande dame, as well as the prolific correspondence from the Roosevelt family, Mrs. Felsenthal has constructed a workmanlike portrait of an interesting bit player on the Washington scene. One wishes that she had chosen to enrich her chronicle with more historical background that might have offered flesh and fiber to the times—as opposed to the life—of the subject. Moreover, we are left dangling in a few spots, as in the death of Teddy Roosevelt, a man who exerted enormous influence over his daughter. She was blindly loyal to him and his causes as a young woman, yet his demise is dismissed in but a few paragraphs and we are doomed to puzzle how this trauma affected not only her public life but the carnivorous relationship with her only offspring.

Mrs. Felsenthal is inclined to play the role of court stenographer, laying down only the facts as reported by eyewitnesses and offering a modicum of her own insights. To be sure, such efforts can often descend into the realm of pop psychology, but in this case more personal analysis, even as raw, unlettered speculation, would have been welcomed. Her accuracy is difficult to fault, considering her plethora of sources, although it should be noted that one anecdote attributed to Alice's husband may be apocryphal. Nick Longworth, as Speaker of the House, was carrying on a liaison with the wife of a fellow congressman. The cuckolded gentleman is reported to have risen up behind Longworth at a public function, rubbed Longworth's famous bald pate, and observed that it felt exactly like his wife's bottom. Longworth is said to have stroked the same spot and mused, "So it does." This story is also attributed to dramatist Marc Connelly while seated at the Algonquin Round Table. One also notes that the author at one point places a character "outside Bavaria" which, presumably, is either Austria, Baden-Würtemberg, or Czechoslovakia; but this is a niggling oversight in a volume that seems to have been prepared with a monk-like attention to detail.

But detail without perspective can trivialize the most dramatic of epics, and surely Mrs. Longworth's story has a certain epic quality, even if her role is one of a peripatetic busybody rather than a prime mover. In many ways she remains a rather pathetic symbol of the disintegration of the great Hudson River dynasties that controlled so much of the nation's fortunes during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. It was the Rockefellers, Vanderbilts, Fishes, Schuylers, and of course the Roosevelts who dominated the Wall Street-Washington axis throughout that lurid period (the Vanderbilts frittered away their strength, mindlessly squandering the Commodore's millions while energizing the scandal sheets and managing, in a fit of social conscience, to invent the game of contract bridge). The decline of the Roosevelts was considerably more gentle, ending with the elevation of Eleanor to Democratic party sainthood prior to her death in 1962. It was all downhill from there, our heroine's windy free-for-alls notwithstanding.

Still, the decline and fall of this great American family, as represented by the lady in question, is the stuff of wonderful drama. While Alice Roosevelt Longworth will at best be recalled by a mere footnote in the history books, the sheer scope of time in which she lived, and the circle of the rich and powerful in which she endlessly circulated, creates a riveting spectacle seemingly ready-made for the big screen.

Yes, this is the story of a wonderfully colorful and profligate rich-bitch who, thanks to good luck and a dollop of good genes, dallied with the mighty. With a little Hollywood hyperbole this could be major box office. Now, if only Kate would return our calls . . . □

PEACE AND REVOLUTION: THE MORAL CRISIS OF AMERICAN PACIFISM

Guenter Lewy/William B. Eerdmans/$19.95

William McGurn

In a small jumble of steel and concrete in the midst of Asia's most dynamic city, Manh Chung Tu waits for a freedom that may never come. Mr. Manh is a Vietnamese in his mid-twenties, one of the thousands of boat people to wash up on Hong Kong's shores in recent years. He has been here six years—six years and one day on the sunny afternoon I met him. Over the walls, looped with barbed wire, the tops of the colony's blue-and-cream double-decker buses are just visible.

Mr. Manh has some 5,137 neighbors, close neighbors you might say, since at Sham Shui Po camp they live in two warehouses filled with row upon row of bunk beds, each bed three levels high, stacked three deep on either side of a center aisle as long as a football field. Makeshift curtains strung around the sides represent futile efforts at modesty; "a bloody stalag," says one

William McGurn is deputy editorial page editor of the Asian Wall Street Journal *and editor of* Basic Law, Basic Questions *(Review Publishing Co.), a collection of essays about the future of Hong Kong under Peking rule.*

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British official visiting the site. Yet Mr. Manh and the others all say they'd sooner stay here than go back to Vietnam, willing to wait years in the hopes of that magic ticket to America. Back in Vietnam, there are reports of famine in the North, skirmishes with the Cambodian resistance (including the murderous Khmer Rouge), and an outflow of refugees now at its largest level in years. Whatever you call this, it's not peace. So where are the peace workers today?

According to Guenter Lewy, they've long since moved on to other things, Central America and South Africa for example. The reason, says Lewy, is that the American peace movement was interested not so much in peace as in a unilateral American withdrawal that would "in effect make sure that the war would go on until the NLF and the North Vietnamese had achieved their objectives." In his latest book, *Peace and Revolution*, Lewy charts how American pacifism moved from a principled repudiation of the use of arms to a whorish endorsement of armed struggle on behalf of some of the world's most brutal Communist insurgencies.

It couldn't be a more timely work. Coming as it does just as Congress quibbles over funding for the Nicaraguan contras and the Democratic party drafts a presidential platform labeling South Africa a "terrorist state," *Peace and Revolution* makes bracing reading. We've seen it all before, says Lewy, who charts the hijacking of the peace movement through four mainline pacifist groups: the American Friends Service Committee, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the War Resisters League, and the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. The lessons it contains are of import to pacifists interested in restoring integrity to their movement. More important, the book should be required reading for U.S. policymakers responding to similar pressure in troublespots from El Salvador to South Korea today.

Although Lewy takes time out to deal with the peace movement's flings with such countries as Nicaragua and Cuba, the book's 283 pages amply demonstrate that the real catalyst for its sorry transformation was Vietnam. Prior to 1965, American pacifists had been careful to steer clear of any cooperation with Communists, and their principled refusal to distinguish between lawful and unlawful uses of force led them even to deny the legitimacy of the war against Hitler, as abhorrent as they held Nazism to be. With Vietnam, they became partisans and opened themselves to cooperation with Communists and their friends. "Unlike earlier conscientious objectors who had recognized the right of society to make decisions on war and peace but had claimed for themselves the right to refuse to abide by the command to bear arms," says Lewy, "the new 'resisters' engaged in acts of obstruction and even sabotage of the war effort." It wasn't long before NLF flags started flying at American peace rallies.

In a way this was almost inevitable. Once the emphasis was shifted from nonviolence to the establishment of a socialist order, the slope was slippery enough for advocates to slide easily into the propagandist role. In 1967, for example, A. J. Muste, a leader of the War Resisters League, argued that "politically sophisticated pacifists" had to distinguish "between the violence of liberation movements (of people who, in a situation where they have no real possibility of democratic means, resort to violence) and the violence imposed on these countries by imperialist powers, for example, the violence which the United States is carrying out in Vietnam at the present time."

The head of the Indochina program for the American Friends Service Committee, John McAuliffe, likewise suggested in the aftermath of the fall of Saigon that America ought to rethink "the role of Marxist-Leninist ideology in Vietnam's success and consequently its application to our own and other struggles. . . . It is not in the interests of the American people to oppose socialist/communist revolutions in other countries. Moreover, if we try to understand what is in their best interests, we are likely often to support such revolutions in the Third World." Not surprisingly, these same groups were the last to criticize the newly installed Communist regimes in Indochina even after evidence of the reeducation camps and killing fields became overwhelming. Instead, they directed their energy at undermining the credibility of refugees bearing reports of persecution as well as those in their own movement with enough integrity to acknowledge that something had gone horribly wrong.

Lewy's impressive documentation of these events has to convince even the thickest reader. Nevertheless, a little juggling of his arrangement, along with a tad more attention to the philosophical claims of pacifism, might have helped put the evidence in better perspective. True enough, the first few chapters discuss pacifism itself, and the book is dotted with criticisms by longtime pacifists upset with the drift of their respective organizations. But a bit more development of this theme early on would have underscored the author's main point, to wit: that the American peace movement not only picked the wrong side in Vietnam, it betrayed its own principles in the process.

To be sure, in the very first sentence Lewy correctly defines pacifism as "the doctrine of those who are morally opposed to bearing arms and who refuse to sanction war for any purpose, defensive or otherwise." The magnitude of this claim needs to be fully taken in before the seriousness of what happened in Vietnam can be appreciated. For whereas most people will under certain conditions sanction war as a means to an end, a sometimes necessary evil if you will, pacifists make nonviolence an end in itself. In other words, while others have various moral mechanisms to allow for a certain (but not unlimited) use of force in pursuit of a just cause, pacifists rule out questions of goals altogether.

Time and again *Peace and Revolution* illustrates how old-timers in the movement—genuinely committed to this difficult principle and seasoned by bitter experience with Communist groups during World War II and the fifties—were most prescient about where their movement was heading and why it was going there. A good example was Alfred Hassler, who in 1973, after almost a decade of futile opposition to the change, put his finger squarely on the issue at stake:

> A good many people in the movement, seeing the origins of the Indochina war in "the system," and recognizing that the institution of war will not be eliminated until the system is changed, let their logic drift into the untenable conclusion that the killing in Indochina could not be ended until the system, especially in the United States, was changed. Consistently then, they became more assiduous for the victory by their side, which would be a defeat for the system, than for an end to the killing and a transfer of the conflict, which was not all that simple, to the diplomatic arena.
>
> It is a point we pacifists need to get straight in our thinking. The broadest possible alliances are not constructive if they rest on the abandonment of our central belief. War is our first enemy; when we justify it for any ends (which is different from understanding the reasons people go to war) we have lost.

Even the brothers Berrigan, whose thoughts and writings confirm the legitimacy of the pejorative "jesuitical," chastised the peace groups for looking at North Vietnam as "an angel of light in comparison with the slouching Western beast." By then, of course, it was too late.

A good part of the new pacifists' problem was their misunderstanding of pacifism itself, a blurring of the lines between personal and public morality. Pacifism is by definition a highly personal option, given that most of us accept that to stand by while the strong bully the weak can itself be criminal. It was such reasoning that reconciled Augustine to the duties of Roman citizenship, the great saint seeing the end as a "just order" rather than the mere absence of conflict. In short, the pacifist cannot turn his neighbor's cheek.

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Given the inevitable tension of such a challenge, pacifism is not likely to remain true to itself when it attempts to become a mass movement. Like religious communities, pacifism can opt for purity, a way of example without retreating into naivete. As George Weigel has put it in *Tranquillitas Ordinis*, "By witnessing to the truth of how things ought to be pacifism could become a standard for measuring the gap between that moral and political horizon and things as they are." In 1955, Weigel notes, the AFSC published a study called *Speak Truth to Power: A Quaker Search for an Alternative to Violence*, which did not shy away from the dilemma of power, was resolutely anti-Communist, and recognized that a genuine pacifist movement could lead even non-adherents to pay more attention to nonviolent options. As Weigel further notes and Lewy more than proves, pacifism never did pick up this thread, to the great loss of both American society and the movement itself. If ever it does so, it will have to acknowledge its debt to these more traditional ethicists.

Apart from these philosophical shifts, there may be an even simpler explanation for the dramatic change in the American peace movement, mirroring the shift in America's mainstream churches, universities, and unions: the change in the kind of people who led these groups. Lewy points out that in the aftermath of World War I, pacifism became inextricably linked with socialism, particularly because of the argument that "wars are based on the economic rivalries of imperialist nations and are encouraged by the traffic in armaments carried on by profit-hungry capitalists." This in turn set up a "conflict of loyalties between the pacifists' ideals of nonviolence and their aspirations to liberate the exploited and oppressed." By the time Vietnam rolled around, it was painfully clear that the commitment to socialism outweighed the commitment to nonviolence, much as church elites found that this same commitment outweighed their religious doctrine. So whereas old-timers were people who were pacifists first and fuzzy socialists second, the new breed were committed socialists who didn't seem to comprehend the radicalism of the genuine pacifist position. This disturbed not a few people, and *Peace and Revolution* is peppered with complaints, for example, that the AFSC was being increasingly run by non-Quakers often hostile to Quaker principles. Perhaps there's another book in this which might also ask why the driving force of the new movement, even more than the commitment to "national liberation," was a hatred of American democracy.

Why is any of this important today? As Lewy points out, despite being relatively small in number the peace movement is perhaps more influential than ever, one example being the rejection by America's Roman Catholic bishops of the idea of deterrence and, more recently, of the President's Star Wars program. It was these groups and their offspring that defeated funding for the Nicaraguan contras. And in the Philippines right now, it is the peace movement's financial and moral support that helps keep the insurgency alive and, even within the Aquino government, fuels the resentment against the U.S. bases there—this despite the overwhelmingly pro-American stance of the Filipino people.

For the American people, *Peace and Revolution* is a sharp reminder that the public realm has its own special virtues, particularly with regard to the use of force. For the American peace movement, it warns that being pure of heart is not enough once the line is crossed into public advocacy. Toward the end of the book Lewy quotes Camus's warning that some forms of sincerity "are worse than lies." If that is a hard lesson to learn from a book, it is easier than learning it from a bayonet. Just ask the folks at Sham Shui Po. □

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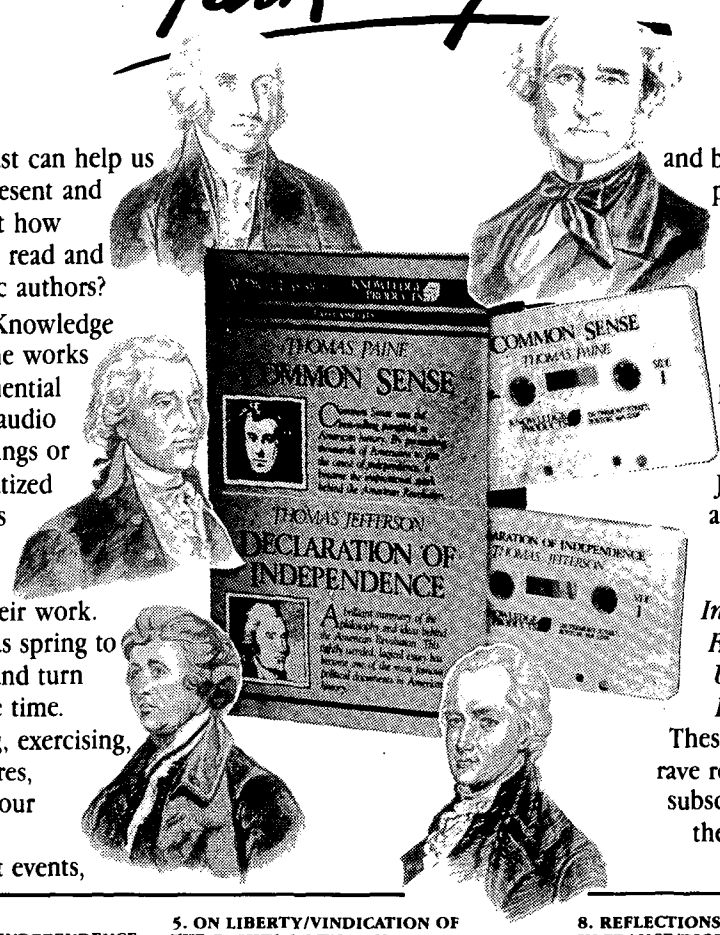

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THE USE AND ABUSE OF SOVIETOLOGY

Leopold Labedz/Transaction Books (a reprint of *Survey*, March 1988)/$39.95

Joseph Shattan

Are intellectuals an endangered species? I confess that I'm of two minds about this. Sometimes it seems to me that far from being endangered, intellectuals—particularly those associated with the media—are among the dominant groups of our society, and exploit their dominance to threaten the rest of us. But when I reflect on what intellectuals used to be—free-spirited polymaths, fluent in several languages and disciplines, able to integrate their wide-ranging knowledge and bring it to bear on current affairs—I am reluctantly forced to conclude that such intellectuals may well be an endangered species, soon to be superseded by academic specialists who know everything about nothing, and pop-journalists who know nothing about everything.

Leo Labedz is an intellectual in the older, honorable sense of the term. His friend Zbigniew Brzezinski has rightly called him "an activist-scholar . . . with an ability to work in many languages and with a wide knowledge of history, political science, sociology, and other social sciences." For many years now, often under precarious financial circumstances, Labedz has edited *Survey*, one of the finest journals on East-West relations in the world today.

Like *Encounter*, with which it shares a similar political outlook, *Survey* is published in London but probably enjoys a wider readership on this side of the Atlantic, an anomaly best explained, perhaps, by the fact that British intellectuals are even more estranged from reality than their American counterparts. Nor are they any more willing than Americans to listen to the truth about Soviet domestic and foreign policy, especially when it comes from someone who speaks with a funny Polish accent, thinks they're a bunch of bloody fools, and is not afraid to say so.

Last March, *Survey* brought out a special issue, "The Use and Abuse of Sovietology" (now published in hardcover by Transaction Books) containing sixteen essays written by Labedz over the past twenty-five years. These erudite, argumentative, passionately outspoken essays encompass an extremely broad range of political, literary, and philosophical themes, but what binds them together is Labedz's activist approach to history—an approach that stresses the ability of human beings to overcome historical adversity and snatch victory from the jaws of defeat. Such a view might seem to be little more than sturdy common sense, yet it is remarkable how much of contemporary political and scholarly discourse has been informed by a very different set of assumptions.

Take, for example, the writings of Isaac Deutscher. Though he is not much read today, at one time Deutscher was regarded as a veritable Walter Lippmann among Sovietologists. Like Lippmann, Deutscher was usually wrong, but his flawed prophecies, far from diminishing his intellectual stature, seemed only to enhance it. Born in 1907 to an Orthodox Polish-Jewish family, Deutscher chose to place his trust in History, rather than in the Lord of History who had inspired his forebears, and joined the Polish Communist Party at the age of nineteen. Although he was expelled from the party in 1932, and eventually became a regular contributor to the *Observer* and the *Economist*, as well as a world-famous biographer of Stalin and Trotsky, Deutscher always retained what Labedz called, in a famous polemic published in 1962, "his own private unpuzzled vision of a Communist wave of the future." Deutscher's unwavering commitment to historical determinism, and his view of Stalin as history's agent, led Labedz to launch a furious attack on him in the pages of *Survey*—an attack which must have drawn blood, since Deutscher threatened to sue Labedz for libel.

More than twenty years after his assault on Deutscher, Labedz launched an equally devastating attack against Deutscher's friend and fellow Sovietologist, Edward Hallett Carr. A product of Cambridge and the Foreign Office, and a former Deputy Editor of the *Times*, Carr's background was very different from Deutscher's, yet both men were gifted writers who became subtle apologists for Stalin. Carr's pro-Sovietism, however, did not derive from a quasi-religious faith in history. Rather, it stemmed from a political stance characterized by Carr as "realism." "Realism" meant that in evaluating history's handiwork one must set aside one's moral scruples and repeat, with Hegel, that "whatever is real, is rational." In 1939, Carr's "realistic" acceptance of German hegemony led him to endorse the Munich Agreement of 1938, calling it "the nearest approach in recent years to the settlement of a major issue by a procedure of peaceful change." Subsequently, this same "realistic" stance caused Carr, in his multi-volume history of the Soviet Union, to identify with the nomenklatura rather than with its victims. Labedz's indictment of this attitude is right on target: "Carr," he explained, "was only one of a number of intellectuals fascinated with power who at the time of its decline in Britain were looking with nostalgic sympathy at the rising new empire. Only a few of them, in identifying themselves with it so irrevocably, went as far as to commit actual treason, but many engaged in *la trahison des clercs*."

Another supporter of the Munich Agreement, destined like Carr to become a distinguished historian of Soviet affairs, was George Kennan. As a young American diplomat writing from Prague in the aftermath of Munich, Kennan expressed the hope that the Czechs would set aside "political romanticism" and reconcile themselves to the verdict of history, which would lead to "greater economic security and greater racial tolerance for the Czechoslovak people sadly in need of both." Unlike Carr, Kennan's views sprang less from "realism" than from a kind of historical fatalism, a feeling that there is not much human beings can do about history, apart from accepting, and adjusting to, the inevitable. But this streak of fatalism in Kennan's character has been constantly at odds with another, more activist strain, which led him to advocate the "containment" of Soviet aggression in the 1940s. The result, according to Labedz, has been "an almost schizoid political dualism" which Kennan has been unable to overcome. In a brilliantly perceptive essay published in 1979, Labedz described "the two minds of George Kennan," and demonstrated how his psychological contradictions account for Kennan's evolution "from his original position of advising resistance to Soviet expansionism to the present one of advocating its accommodation." According to Labedz, a growing disenchantment with American politics and culture has led Kennan, in his old age, to return to the fatalism of his Munich days and repudiate the activism of his middle years.

Deutscher, Carr, and Kennan: One could hardly imagine a more vivid study in contrasts than those between the Marxist-Rabbi, the Cambridge Hegelian, and the American Preacher. But what these three Sovietologists have in common is a conviction that in the grand historical scheme of things, human choice and volition count for very little. In the 1930s, this defeatist attitude found its political expression in the policy known as "appeasement." In the 1970s, according to Labedz, similar attitudes formed the intellectual underpinnings of détente. As he put it in a 1974 essay, "Those who defend the policy of *détente* in the way in which it is understood in the Soviet Union argue that international negotiations between powers are simply a matter of realistic policies to which ethical issues are irrelevant. A supplementary argument for the Soviet form of *détente* is that whatever the current conduct of the Soviet leadership, international *détente* will in the long run, more or less automatically, lead to an improvement in the Soviet treatment of its own citizens . . ." It is almost as though Western policymakers, having learned their Soviet history from Deutscher and Carr, set out to fashion a policy which incorporated the "realist" and determinist assumptions of their mentors.

Of course, not all students of Soviet affairs have subscribed to these views. Shortly before his death, for example, the great French political commentator, Raymond Aron, affirmed his belief that there are times "when lucidity and a bit of courage can suffice to alter the future." This belief, Aron declared, "is part of my philosophy of history." In an appreciation of Aron published in 1977, Labedz identified himself completely with Aron's position. And in an article advocating Britain's entry into the Common Market, published back in 1971, Labedz was quite explicit about his own philosophy of history. "Since the First World War," he wrote, "we have known that civilizations are mortal. But there is nothing automatic about it, just as there is nothing inevitable about 'post-imperial decline.' Historical alternatives do exist."

It is tempting to relate Labedz's unswerving belief in "historical alternatives" to the events of his own dramatic life. As Zbigniew Brzezinski notes in his introduction to this anthology:

> Leo Labedz was 19 years old in 1939, having returned from studies in Paris and living again in his native Poland. With the wartime partition of Poland between Hitler's Germany and Stalin's Russia, many families had to face the stark choice of deciding whether to flee East or West, into

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Joseph Shattan, a frequent contributor, is a writer living in Washington, D.C.

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Nazi- or Soviet-occupied territory. One of his aunts, recalling memories of the First World War and the Kaiser, chose to move westward toward "civilized Germany." Others chose to run eastward toward the "progressive anti-fascist homeland of socialism." Leo understood the two myths, and the mortal dangers of both *Gulag* and *Kazett*.

He believed that going West would mean certain death and that going East, while perilous, would at least offer a chance to survive. As it turned out, between Siberia and Holocaust, he saw his entire family suffer great casualties, leaving him with an acute sense of how both German National-Socialism and Soviet Communism were manifestations of the same tragic phenomenon of totalitarianism.

It also left him, I should think, with an abiding sense that alternatives always exist, that there is no such thing as historical inevitability, and that even when one is confronted with a choice of evils, choosing the lesser evil can mean the difference between life and death, survival and annihilation.

All this, of course, is entirely speculative. The simple truth is that nobody knows what makes Leo Labedz tick. Whatever it is, though, we could all use a good, stiff dose of it. For as this collection of essays makes plain, Leo Labedz has, for a quarter of a century, been more than a perceptive analyst of Soviet affairs. As a tireless champion of Soviet dissidents, and a relentless critic of the trendy leftism that dominates intellectual life in Great Britain and America today, Labedz has been a moral presence. If intellectuals such as he are truly an endangered species, Labedz's life and achievement remind us why it is vital for our civilization that they endure. □

THE EDITOR, THE BLUENOSE, AND THE PROSTITUTE: H. L. MENCKEN'S HISTORY OF THE "HATRACK" CENSORSHIP CASE

Edited by Carl Bode/Roberts Rinehart, Inc./$19.50

Marion Elizabeth Rodgers

Men, whose trade is rat-catching, love to catch rats; the bug-destroyer seizes on his bug with delight; and the suppressor is gratified by finding his vice.

—Edinborough Review, 1810
(from H. L. Mencken's *A New Dictionary of Quotations*)

In a recent episode of the television series "L.A. Law," Michael Kuzac, Esq. defends his client's right to freedom of speech with the observation: "I mean, *hey*," he remarks to his fellow attorneys, "if we didn't have freedom of speech, how could we have had an H. L. Mencken?"

How could we, indeed. It was Mencken, after all, who persuaded Clarence Darrow to defend John Scopes in the infamous Scopes Monkey Trial that hot summer of 1925; to the nationally syndicated journalist of the Baltimore *Evening Sun* and editor of *The American Mercury*, the issue at trial was not simply the plight of a Tennessee schoolmaster arrested for teaching Darwin's theory of evolution, but a man's freedom of speech; and thus a concern to every American.

The following spring, Mencken involved himself in a new cause, this time against censorship. Censors (called "snouters" by Mencken) were well established during the 1920s. At their helm was Boston's New England Watch & Ward Society, whose secretary, Reverend J. Franklin Chase, had been the terror of Boston and its nearby suburbs, sending booksellers, news vendors, district attorneys, and police scurrying to obey his orders if he indicated the slightest disapproval over material. Chase seldom went to court; he simply notified various committees that he "believed" certain "passages" in a given work were illegal. Publishers and authors were never given a chance to be heard, and the newspapers didn't dare criticize the censor. The full story of Mencken's contretemps with Chase, told by Mencken himself, has at last been released as *The Editor, the Bluenose, and the Prostitute: H. L. Mencken's History of the "Hatrack" Censorship Case*.

From its inception in 1924, Mencken and his co-editor, George Jean Nathan, proclaimed that the aim of *The American Mercury* was to "ascertain and tell the truth." No other periodical was as daring or as popular. The editors tackled such topics as Fundamentalism, Prohibition, Puritanism ("the haunting fear," Mencken identified it, "that someone, somewhere, may be happy"), the Ku Klux Klan, and the censorship tactics of Reverend Chase, who was portrayed as a bluenose fanatic.

Chase responded to Mencken's attacks by banning the April 1926 issue from Boston. It contained an essay by journalist Herbert Asbury about a Missouri prostitute he had become acquainted with, familiarly known as "Hatrack"(so named for her angular figure). Pious, she yearned to be accepted by the congregation of her village church. When she was snubbed, she sought companionship among the menfolk of the village instead: Protestants she brought to the Catholic cemetery, Catholics to the Masonic one.

Asbury's essay was innocuous enough—there were not any graphic descriptions, nor did he applaud the actions of his protagonist. Instead, the essay attacked the evangelists and the hypocrisy of the town's supposed Christians. All of these themes had been addressed before in previous essays, and to greater effect. Nonetheless, Chase found it "full of degrading and filthy descriptions," and "bad, vile, raw stuff."

Mencken's dilemma was twofold: Chase, unchecked, could go on to far greater censorship, with other censors imitating him; or Mencken could place himself at risk by defying Chase in open court. If he lost, he could get two years in prison.

Having decided to fight Chase, on April 5, 1926, Mencken and Arthur Garfield Hays, the outstanding civil liberties lawyer of the day (and counsel at the Scopes Monkey Trial the year before) hurried to the Boston Commons to sell a banned copy of *The American Mercury* to the Reverend himself. In due course Chase appeared as previously arranged, slowly pushing his way through the huge crowd of reporters and onlookers, and paid his fifty cents to Mencken, who promptly bit the coin to make sure it was genuine, and was subsequently seized and marched to a nearby police station.

After being tried the next day (the *New York Times* likened the proceedings to a "second Scopes Trial") and acquitted by the judge (who was impressed by the intellectual qualities of *The American Mercury*), Mencken turned triumphal. He hinted he might sue Chase and the Watch & Ward Society for heavy damages on the ground of libel; he lunched with a cheering crowd of students from Harvard and presented them with the flag of Maryland (the "Free State"). Back in New York at his *American Mercury* offices, he answered his mail ("I am under 20 fathoms of letters and telegrams," he exulted to his girlfriend, Sara Haardt). But his euphoria ended abruptly when he discovered that Chase had succeeded in having Post Office officials bar the April number of *The American Mercury* from the U.S mails. This time, Mencken was not allowed the opportunity to defend his own magazine.

New legal problems arose. "I am up to my ears in litigation," Mencken complained in his letters; the long fight would not be over until May 1927, and even then, Mencken lost on a technicality. He sent out a pamphlet, "To the

Marion Elizabeth Rodgers is the editor of Mencken & Sara: A Life in Letters (McGraw-Hill).

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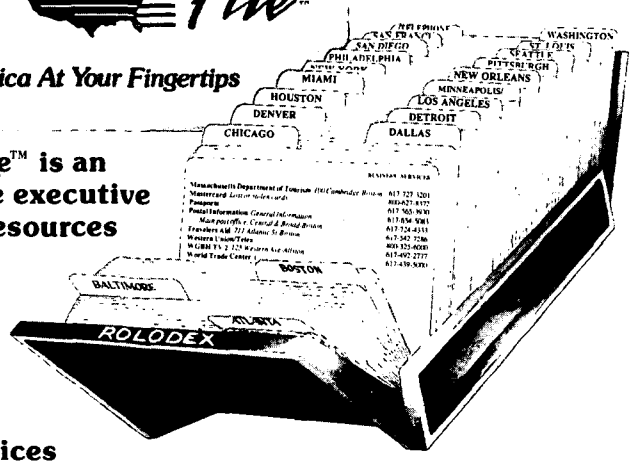

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Friends of *The American Mercury*," describing the case in order to convert a hostile press who thought he had concocted the entire episode as a publicity stunt. He refused to reprint the April 1926 issue, although he would have made a huge profit (the "Hatrack" issue had become a collector's item). The case itself cost the magazine $20,000.

Nonetheless, Mencken won a moral victory, for he had dealt the Society a blow from which it never fully recovered—even Reverend Chase was eventually made into a scapegoat by his own followers. The *Boston Telegram* reinforced their view in its own headline: "J. Franklin Chase is 'All Through' as Fake Reformer." Mencken's had been the first real effort against censorship in Massachusetts; others resulted. His name became internationally identified with freedom of speech; Walter Lippmann hailed him as "the most powerful influence on this whole generation of educated people."

In 1937, Mencken collected the hundreds of letters and press clippings and wrote a detailed history of the case. The real purpose for his efforts was stated in his introduction: "Every censorship," he wrote, "however good its intent, degenerates inevitably into the sort of tyranny that the Watch & Ward Society fanatics so long exercised in Boston. But it is always hard to break even the worst of such tyrannies down." The material filled eight volumes, which Mencken had bound in blue Moroccan leather, and bequeathed to the Enoch Pratt Free Library in Baltimore, Maryland.

There they might have remained, available only to scholars, if not for Carl Bode, author of the reissued biography *Mencken* (Johns Hopkins University Press, 1987) and editor of several other collections of Mencken and Thoreau. *The Editor, the Bluenose, and the Prostitute* contains not only an informative introduction that places the case in context, but also Asbury's essay, "Hatrack," as well as photographs and cartoons from contemporary newspapers. The remainder of this handsome book consists of Mencken's own lively text, both entertaining and wise, peopled with the same "species" we find today.

Two details remain. What happened, you may ask, to Reverend Chase? Eight months after the "Hatrack" case began, he died of pneumonia. ("People who set out to do me evil not infrequently die suddenly," Mencken observed.) His death gave Mencken no "noticeable grief. I had spent years denouncing others of his kind, and when I met him in Boston I found nothing in him to ameliorate my view of the species." For beneath all of Chase's "burly geniality" and Puritan views, "Boston was full of reports that he was extremely fond of dirty literature he professed to hold in such holy horror, and he was in the habit of exhibiting it clandestinely to his friends." He wrote obscene odes, and read them aloud in his club; "he bragged that on one of his visits to New York he had lain awake all night in a Fall River boat, reading a pornographic novel and experiencing a continuous engorgement of the *corpora cavernosa*. Now he was dead at last in defeat and dismay, and we were rid of him."

As for Hatrack, she left Farrington, where Herbert Asbury had known her, and moved nearby to Flat River. Shortly after the "Hatrack" case, a headline appeared in the *San Francisco News*: "Hatrack Found Happily Wed." □

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JOHN McGRAW
Charles C. Alexander/Viking/$18.95

Joe Mysak

The legend of John McGraw survived his friends, and it will probably survive the scholars. He epitomized the scrappy Old Orioles when he played for them in the 1890s. He managed the New York Giants for thirty years, collecting ten National League pennants and three World Series championships. He had no children of his own, but taught all of his boys, among them Casey Stengel, the secret of winning big.

Yet for all that, he remains an unknown. After the hagiographers had done with him, and the memoirists embalmed him in a few anecdotes, we know little more of the real John McGraw, for all his notoriety, than we do of the Marquis de Lafayette. And McGraw was a lot more accessible.

Charles Alexander, a professor at Ohio University who a few years back tried to rescue Ty Cobb from the oblivion of the brass plaque and record book, here tries a similar salvage operation on McGraw, with about the same results. As my batterymate once said in a review of Prof. Alexander's life of Cobb, "The book's a little dry. Cobb was a jerk."

Cobb, who once told McGraw, "If you were a younger man, I'd kill you," and meant it, was not one of the more endearing and multi-dimensional characters of the game. But not my McGraw. He was as puckish as he was pugnacious, tossing off one-liners and sarcastic jabs at his players, the opposition, all umpires, and the press. He was New York City baseball's first media darling, a role he excelled at, and in which he was topped only by Stengel. What's more, he had the talent, brains, and aggressiveness to back almost everything up, both as a player and as a manager. "The game of baseball is only fun for me when I'm out front and winning. I don't give a hill of beans about anything else but winning," was how McGraw, who lived baseball, put it. His management style was summed up when he once told a player, "If my brains hold out, we'll win it," and later screamed at another, "You *thought*? With *what*?" When he was on the losing end of a drunken brawl, he said he went down due to a case of "bunched hits."

In *John McGraw*, we get some of that. But the real McGraw never shows up to shake hands across the years. Here I think of such works as Caro's LBJ, or Manchester's Mencken and Churchill, or W. A. Woodward's Washington and Grant, or Robert Creamer's Stengel, all of which contain masterful writing, and all of which give us the man. Instead, in Alexander's work, we get an impressive collection of data, a welter of admittedly absorbing detail, presented in a style slightly redolent of the candle. Alexander is a good writer of narrative history, and so we get much of the colorful times, but not a lot of the life. To say that McGraw liked a drink, made bad real estate investments, had a propensity for injuring himself in bizarre ways, never learned to drive, loved horse racing, and possibly went along with some bribery schemes, does not give us much of the man. He pulled down a bigger salary than anyone except Babe Ruth. He traveled to Cuba during the winter. He was routinely suspended for dozens of games during the course of a season. He sometimes managed in civilian garb. He was generous to old ballplayers. These are fascinating details. No doubt Tom Wolfe could weave them into a good yarn. But they do not give me the man.

Alexander presents baseball from its prehistoric days to the 1930s, when it more or less evolved into its present form. He is superb in his descriptions of ballparks and their inhabitants both on and off the field. He can paint the political scene, and the politicking behind the scene, pretty

Joe Mysak, The American Spectator*'s chief saloon correspondent, is managing editor of the* Bond Buyer.

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well. But Bill James, of historical abstract fame, says more about the odd-couple relationship between McGraw and his ace pitcher, Christy Mathewson, in one quote—"McGraw wanted to win more than he wanted anything else, and Mathewson could win games for him; Matty wanted to be respected more than he wanted anything else, and McGraw treated him with respect"—than Alexander does here.

Alexander discusses in depth McGraw's infatuation with reclamation projects, usually drunks, but the same does not obtain for his descriptions of McGraw's relations with Frank Frisch, a favorite son later packed off to the Cardinals. Or with the 17-year-old Mel Ott, who was never sent to the minors but who learned at the master's knee because McGraw was afraid some other manager would tinker with the youngster's unorthodox batting stance. Or with the famed late-night bacon-and-egg sessions Stengel spent in McGraw's kitchen: Stengel, who later McGrawed the cross-town rival Yankees to ten pennants and seven World Series championships.

The author is at his best in the conclusion, although his get-off line, "he's worth remembering," is lame. McGraw, he says, "was the first manager who insisted on trying to control everything that happened on the field," at times even calling every pitch from the bench. This worked very well over the course of a season, but as Christy Mathewson once pointed out, it also inhibited player initiative and improvisation, especially over the short haul, which was why the Giants only won three World Series titles. McGraw's judgment of players was not always keen, and he "never grasped the significance" of building up a farm system, as Branch Rickey of the Cardinals did. "To the end McGraw saw putting together a winning team as mainly a matter of spotting and buying the best talent in the higher minors and buying and trading for what was available in the majors." And, in the final accounting, McGraw "should have stopped managing at least five years before he did." Well, they never go gently.

John McGraw is a good piece of work about a great man. But to meet him, you'll have to wait for the one-man show, which must star Charles Durning. □

COMING

John Simon
on
Ingmar Bergman

STEIN

(continued from page 29)

begging the producers to go back to work. Splinter groups don't hurt us. Stalin said that splinter groups make the main body of the proletariat stronger."

"Oooh," the blonde whippet said. "I love it when he talks about Stalin."

"By the way," said the young man with the cigar, "a studio called and offered me money to scab. I told them to shove it up their ass." He blew out a huge cloud of cigar smoke, wiping away for a moment the sweet salt smell of the ocean. "But it was for big money. Malibu Colony size money."

I spend entirely too much time hearing people talk about money, so I walked down the beach with the home renter's dog. Everybody in the Colony was having a party. Everybody looked ethnic and happy, as if the whole crew had been suddenly wafted from Krochmalna Street or wherever Isaac Singer writes about in Warsaw to Malibu without any of the intervening unpleasantness. Here they were, as happy as pigs in slop, and probably not knowing Yiddish anymore even.

A tiny girl in braids asked me for my autograph because of *Ferris Bueller's Day Off,* so the walk was a big success. When I turned back I saw Bruce Dern walk by, frowning. Then I saw Robert Culp, from "I Spy," and then Scott Baio and some beautiful girl from "Knot's Landing," Nicolette something, but really glamorous, playing with paddles, and then some woman movie star, and it was all swell.

My wife and I drove back home to Mulholland Drive to watch the fireworks over Universal City, but after a while all fireworks look the same, so I blew it off and went to sleep.

I'm sure I don't know how this happened, but someone has put a curse on my household. My wife has been sick in bed for a week. Our housekeeper has a cough that makes Camille seem like Mike Tyson. My beautiful gofer, Sarah Lee, has some kind of gynecological woes that she won't discuss but that make her pale and sorrowful. One of my researchers cannot walk a block without having to take a nap. I don't know what's in store for me. I haven't filed my 1987 taxes yet and it's August, so I guess the worst is yet to come.

By the way, just since I started telling you about what's new, I had a telephone call from the bleeding ulcer woman in Utah. "I just wonder if you realize that I'm making my Margaritas with only one shot of Tequila now, and I never just drink straight Tequila shooters the way I used to. I hope you realize how careful I'm being with my new condition."

Right after she called, the Gina Lollobrigida lookalike bleeding ulcer girl also called. We're all invited to a surprise birthday party next week. It's being given by a woman who used to work for me. She's twenty-five. She married a forty-year-old millionaire. Just as they said their vows on their park-like property a paid aviarist released two hundred trained pigeons which flew around and then flew away. So now the couple is having a birthday party, and Staci has to ask me a question.

"Your wife still gets those terrible neckaches, right?"

"Right."

"So, what prescription drugs do you have that would make me really, really

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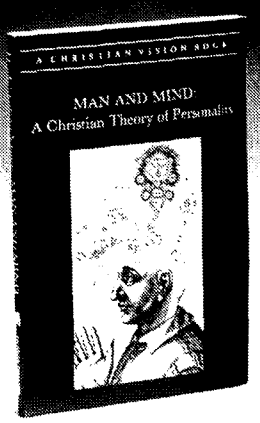

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high for tomorrow's party? I have to avoid alcohol because of my ulcer."

"I'm glad to see you're taking care of yourself," I said.

My friend Earl, who runs an airplane brokerage in Van Nuys, called me to tell me that he's selling the most airplanes he's ever sold per month. A Mitsubishi, a Lear 24, a Falcon 50, a Twin Otter, a Jetstar, and he's really thankful.

"What accounts for this boom?" I asked.

"The low dollar? The pickup in employment? A reviving oil business?"

Earl paused for a moment and said, "I think it has to do with my doing a really lot of meditation and visualization. Plus, I think it has to do with going to the desert a lot and getting my aura balanced."

Every night the weatherwoman appears on TV and says, "Well, tomorrow will be a carbon copy of today with morning haze, burning off about noon, clear skies, and heavy smog by late afternoon."

To me, it is 1988's way of saying, "Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow, creeps in this petty pace from day to day . . ."

I cannot even remember the last time I talked face to face with someone here who was not insane. □

FERGUSON
(continued from page 27)

also made heavy use of pretty girls—as hostesses, as ushers, as guides, even as security guards. Most important, the strategic decision was made (and enforced) to keep Maureen Reagan under wraps for the entire week.

If only the action inside the hall had been as invigorating as what took place outside it. The keynote address, by Tom Kean of New Jersey, was what you'd expect from a man who called Adlai Stevenson "one of the great masters of the English language in the past half century." His theme was "the politics of inclusion" (although one friend of mine, noting Kean's odd speaking style, suggested the term "the politics of malocclusion"). To my untrained ear, the politics of inclusion sounds much like the old Republican strategy of being for whatever Democrats are for only less of it, with a lot of talk about the death penalty thrown in whenever you're suspected of going soft. Environmentalism figures prominently, and much was made of it throughout the week. The old Reaganite objections to the 1970s environmental movement—for instance, that it was merely an attempt by the propertied classes to use government as a breakwater against the encroachments of a rising lower class—were never mentioned. If, as some predict, the politics of inclusion becomes the guiding philosophy of the new Republican party, its patron saint will be not Ronald Reagan but Nelson Rockefeller. Watch for Happy's re-emergence in '92.

The cumulative effect of the lackluster speechmaking in New Orleans was to make you realize how good Ronald Reagan is: if nothing else, he alone among contemporary politicians has mastered the ubiquitous modern teleprompter system, in which two screens, flashing the text of the speech so that only the speaker can see it, are set at some distance to either side of the podium. For most pols this results in great awkwardness—most obviously, because the speaker's head sways from right to left in the pretense of addressing the entire crowd while his eyes remain fixed to the teleprompter screens. The head, in other words, is doing one thing, the eyes are doing another, and the intended effect of naturalness is completely undone. You feel as if you're watching someone worried that a mugger is creeping up on him just beyond his peripheral vision.

Not so with Reagan. Achieving natural effects has never been his problem. Even when he stumbles—"Facts," he said in New Orleans, with gusto, "are stupid things"—the genuineness that lies at the heart of his political personality never fails to carry over. Nevertheless, his valedictory at the convention was a disappointment. Partly this was caused by the weak sound system in the Superdome, which was particularly unsuited to Reagan's style; for unlike other effective orators, the President never raises his voice above familiar, conversational levels. But there were other problems as well. The speech was preceded by a video recapitulation of Reagan's tenure, which reduced eight years of rather substantial achievement to: getting shot; honoring the boys of Pointe du Hoc; getting reelected; flipping the switch that lit up the Statue of Liberty; making a solemn speech after the Challenger blew; and clearing endless acres of brush from his ranch. (The place, incidentally, should be pretty much cleared out by now.)

This of course is what Michael Dukakis would like you to think the Reagan years amounted to. Reagan himself tried to correct the impression by quoting some of his favorite economic statistics, but the bulk of the speech was devoted to sentiment and trumpeting Bush. It fell short here, too. What should have been the killer line—"George was *there*"—was oddly placed: it followed a segment crediting the Vice President with reducing government-required paperwork "by an estimated 600 million manhours a year." (George Bush: an office manager for the nineties!) And the prose poem at the end, brimming with sunrises and new days and the like, was swallowed up among the rafters of the cavernous Superdome. What made the old man's exit graceful and touching, however, was his own spontaneity: at the conclusion of his speech the thousands of balloons fell about him and he gleefully batted them back to the crowd, toward the security guards, at the journalists on the podium, all the while beaming like a kid. Naturalness, as I say, has never been a problem for him.

If I were asked to plan a political convention—a request this humble Hoosier is not anticipating—I would follow the Republicans' blueprint rather than the Democrats'. Not only did the Republicans understand that such a grandly irrelevant event requires great emphasis on superfluities—silly hats, comely security personnel, lots of day trips—they also understood the utility of bars that never close. These particularly came in handy on Thursday night, after Bush's successful acceptance speech, when the Republicans took to the streets seemingly en masse—to reassess their chances in November, to take stock, to appraise where they've been and where they're going, but mostly to drink rivers of Hurricanes.

The convention was not only a coming-out party for Bush and (less happily) Quayle; it was also of course a farewell to Reagan, whose popularity has allowed the Republican party to recast itself as the party of forward-lookers and boogie monsters. Up and down Bourbon Street that Thursday night his legacy was discussed, usually at high volume and in varying degrees of coherence. This is a party in ferment, so disagreements are frequent

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and greeted with toleration, but on the subject of Reagan's stature there was unanimity.

There was also a healthy lack of regret. Reagan's parting, for all its flaws, avoided the sin of despair. Perhaps this is attributable to Bush's strong showing, but it is also testament to the party's resiliency and confidence in itself. On my way back to my hotel Thursday night I got caught up with an animated group of young Alabama Republicans outside Pat O'Brien's bar. I asked them about Reagan's farewell, hoping, I suppose, for some suitably sentimental quotes that would place the thing nicely in perspective.

They weren't biting. "He was a great man," one of them told me, apparently unaware he was using the past tense. "But we've got a good candidate now in Vice President Bush." He assumed an air of mock gravity and intoned, "We Republicans refuse to dwell on the past." With that he and his comrades lit into a chorus of "We've Only Just Begun." It sounded terrible, but I got the point. A party of the future, like New Orleans itself, should never call last call. □

CORRESPONDENCE

(continued from page 7)

consumption." What is even more disturbing is that so many "conservatives" now embrace these same notions and brag about our "advance" down this road to ruin.

—William R. Hawkins
Research Director
The South Foundation
Knoxville, Tennessee

Warren T. Brookes replies:

Mr. William Hawkins scorns my explanations of the sources of our international current accounts deficit problem. But they are fully supported by virtually all economists—namely that capital flows, not merchandise trade (or "competitiveness"), is the key to the soaring trade deficit.

The plain truth is that in 1982 we decided to stop the $110 billion a year outflow of credit to the Third World—and this capital stayed here causing a massive shift in the capital flows which had no other way to be balanced off except by a massive rise in our imports of merchandise. Hence the trade deficit soared *primarily* because of a capital flow reversal.

Those who want to blame all this on the budget deficit, as I assume Mr. Hawkins does, have to explain why it was that in 1987, when the budget deficit came down by $70 billion, the trade deficit *rose* by nearly $20 billion?

Moreover, he is just wrong on industrial and manufacturing output. The fairest way to measure the performance of economic policies is over the fiscal years in which those policies took effect. From 1977-1981, industrial production rose at a 2.5 percent rate. Since 1981, it has risen at a 3.1 percent rate, a 24 percent improvement. From 1977 to 1981, manufacturing productivity rose at a 0.9 percent rate. Since 1981 it has risen at a 4 percent rate. Labor costs rose 8.8 percent/year under Carter; they have actually *fallen* under Reagan, in U.S. dollars, no less.

Mr. Hawkins's notion that "little progress" has been made in family and per capita income is absurd. Again, the Census Bureau shows that from 1977 to 1981, median family income *fell* by 7 percent. From 1981 to 1986 it *rose* by 9 percent. On per capita disposable income, it rose 1 percent a year from 1977-1981. Since 1981 it has risen by about 2.0 percent a year—or *double*.

His notion that employment growth has been weak is equally absurd. We are in the sixth year of an expansion that, should present employment growth rates continue through October, will have generated about 18 million payroll jobs in six years, or 3 million a year—and 41 percent of these jobs have been in the Labor Department's highest skill category (Professional and Managerial), almost double the level of skill jobs as in the 1975-1981 period.

Admittedly the record 62.3 percent of adults now employed reflects a continued surge in female (and black) employment, but labor force participation rates by males have not fallen (they are now 76.2 percent compared with 77.0 percent in 1981) while those by females have surged from 51.5 percent in 1981 to 56.6 percent in 1988.

This means the U.S. economy has done a colossal job of absorbing massive rises in female labor participation, while still providing record levels of employment. Since 1981, the male employment ratio has risen from 71.3 percent to 72.7 percent while the female ratio has risen from 48.0 percent to 53.4 percent.

Those who decry this performance are simply determined to plunge their head into the sands of gloom and doom. That's fine and understandable for liberal Democrats—but not for the country as a whole.

Anarchy

Regrettably, the necessity of having to offer a retort in writing has its limitations. Sidney Hook, in the July issue of *TAS* ("Memories of Yaddo: An Autobiographical Postscript"), advances several premises towards the conclusion opposing theoretical or philosophical anarchism. I wish to take him to task for conveniently acknowledging less than the total scope of theoretical foundations for such.

His third premise, ". . . but justice and freedom cannot exist without order," begs the question of whether or not it is the role of government versus the people to establish that order.

Well documented in such works as Rawls's *A Theory of Justice* (Harvard Press, 1971), the categorical imperative of individual action will, "en masse," result in the same order. And were the imperative applied universally and consistently, we would in short order arrive at this utopian social contract scheme of behavior (Locke et al). Instead he should decry the apathetic, ill-informed, and self-serving public servants. If the "Fourth Estate" of civil servants, who vote so predictably, could be enlightened, maybe they would exercise their franchise rights for the long-term good over short-term security.

"The Grand Experiment," as those on the Continent so graciously labeled America's foray into democracy, wasn't grand enough. It did not accord the populace the benefit of the doubt as to their "goodwill towards men." Had the original framers held a less elitist view with regards to the necessity of government, they might have found that a true free market in conjunction with a true social contract mechanism would have sufficed. The recorded history of human behavior is a bad example because, for that period, mankind has never been loose of the fetters of government.

Alas, since most anarchists have resigned themselves to the fact that these higher ideals may only exist in computer simulations, we will continue to advocate less and less government intervention and growth.

—George J. Gladis
St. Louis, Missouri

Sidney Hook replies:

Mr. Gladis unfortunately does not tell us how to distinguish between "the people" establishing order, and "the mob." For a people to establish order we need a set of rules, an executive group at least with a sergeant-at-arms, to see that the rules are carried out—in short, an embryonic state. Where the mob rules, there is only chaos, some call it anarchy. A people which is self-governing must abide by the rules of discipline it establishes to function properly. No mob can do this. In short, "the categorical imperative of individual action" will be fine if everyone acts on it as they should, but suppose some do not? (Even Kant recognized that "man is a crooked stick.") No, Aristotle is right, anarchy is the rule of a thousand despots. Faced by that prospect, most people will, I fear, prefer to live under the rule of one despot. Democracy, as Lincoln realized, is the only alternative to the rule of despotism on the one hand, and anarchy on the other. □

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An understandable slip-up:

CORRECTIONS

Pol Pot was mistakenly identified as anti-communist in Mary McGrory's column yesterday. The reference should have said the Khmer Rouge leader, a Marxist, is anti-Vietnam.

[August 5, 1988]

Washington Post

In a dithyramb inspired by the peril that stalks ten national parks, the aging Dr. Colman McCarthy espies the Manassas Battlefield National Park and runs amok once again with a familiar 1960s theme:

Unlike the other nine endangered national parks, Manassas is not worth protecting. It's no more than another romanticized and dated war zone, a useless place where the stupidity of military violence was unleashed. Young men were lied to by the shameless Lees, Jacksons and Popes that firing bullets and cannonballs at other young men, being lied to by their shameless generals, was rational. Historic barbarism occurred at Manassas, an event that at best deserves only a roadside marker saying that for a few days in August 1862 mass insanity overtook 125,000 armed people.

[August 7, 1988]

Occupational Health & Safety

An unexpected delectation for readers of this redoubtable journal of science and hypochondria:

Violence is a social phenomenon that has become an occupational hazard. . . . Despite the hazard you find nothing in the Occupational Safety and Health Administration Act or in regulations and standards dealing with violence in the workplace.

"OSHA has failed to address the serious problem of occupational homicide," says Park E. Dietz, MD, professor of law, University of Virginia School of Law, Charlottesville, Va. "With guns exceeded only by moving vehicles as a source of fatal injury at work, it is extraordinary that there are no OSHA regulations specifically designed to keep workers from being murdered on the job." . . .

Dietz suggests that OSHA's inattention to homicide "probably reflects the still-prevalent notion that homicide is a criminal justice problem rather than a health and safety problem."

"Dramatic lawsuits are making employers acutely aware of their civil liability for criminal violence against their employees," he says.

"But employers who wish to improve workplace safety by preventing violence don't have sufficient guidance today. The phenomenon must be addressed not only by the criminal justice and tort systems, but also through the administrative rulemaking of regulatory agencies."

[May 1988]

New York Times Book Review

In an earnest communiqué on the latest metamorphosis of the poofter novel, a Mr. Richard Hall elucidates why homosexual fiction has become even more tedious than feminist fiction or even than the newsletter of the National Education Association:

Indeed, finding a family of sorts has become the chief interest of characters in much gay fiction. Protagonists are settling down with relatives, heterosexual women, buddies, lesbians, lovers. Children, the final imprimatur to family life, are being borrowed, adopted, created by artificial insemination. Everyone is trying to get along under one roof. The sexual outlaw, long a staple of gay fiction (the phrase was the title of a book by John Rechy, one of the pioneers in the genre), is giving way to the sexual in-law.

[June 10, 1988]

New Republic

Camelot vs. Orwell in New Orleans:

Pat Robertson . . . said that the Democrats would have us all be in one big family with "Teddy Kennedy as Big Brother." Nothing wrong with attacking Teddy, but one would have thought that jeering references to his status as a brother would be omitted as a matter of taste.

[September 5, 1988]

Cosmopolitan

Scortatory nights spent in the smelly embrace of a Sandinista Romeo as reported in the revolutionary journal of American womanhood by Mary Farley, whose telephone number can be readily retrieved from the walls of the men's room at the downtown Greyhound station in Miami, Florida; and bring your own condoms:

We made love for hours, until a far-off bell announced dinner. Being on the plantation reminded Luis of his days as a guerrilla. "I was near here most of the time, often marching through the mud. One time, I got stuck so deep that three companeros had to pull me out. We were being chased by the National Guard, and I was afraid my friends would die trying to get me unstuck. We could hear them coming through the bush. But we managed to get away. We slept in hammocks and had to catch our food. Even monkey," he smiled as he cradled me in his arms. "I will never eat monkey again." . . .

He never really asked me to stay. Like all the Sandinistas I had met that week, he was very pragmatic. But as he saw me off at the airport, he did whisper, "When are you coming back?" Without discussing it, we both knew I planned to return. "In six months, when I've learned some Spanish." That brought a smile to his face—the smile I still see in my mind a thousand times a day. "Until then, mi companera."

[June 1988]

Mother Jones

Anthropological investigations in the first person singular from Dr. Joel Achenbach for all the victims of substance abuse who read *Mother Jones* and learn from it:

I first sensed that nothing is real anymore a few years back during the Victory Tour by the Jacksons. For complex reasons I went to see them two nights in a row. The first night was great. The second night was exactly the same. And that was the strange thing: it was exactly the same. The dance steps were exactly the same. The stage chatter was exactly the same. Even the spontaneity was the same. Both nights Michael spontaneously began to cry in the middle of a certain song.

[September 1988]

Village Voice

Two giants of an earlier era, disinterred and deloused by the venerable Stacey D'Erasmo in a review of *The Amazon and the Page* by Miss Karla Jay:

When Natalie Barney, 23, met Renee Vivien, 22, in Paris in 1899, they not only fell in love at first sight but immediately got busy laying the theoretical and artistic groundwork for an entirely new lesbian self-consciousness. . . .

Jay's analysis is thorough, complex, and productively frustrating; her concern throughout *The Amazon and the Page* is to establish Barney and Vivien as feminist foremothers. This is a tricky procedure, particularly if Barney, who later became a fascist, and Vivien, who committed suicide at 32, are taken as exemplars of their own ideology.

Jay suggests that although we should not excuse Barney her devotion to Mussolini, we should remember that Barney and Vivien were "products of their era." Vivien's death wish, in Jay's analysis, was the result of a tortured feminist consciousness that saw death as the only alternative to surrender. Such a reading skirts the issue of whether the philosophy they developed, liberating though it might have been, exacted its price.

[July 12, 1988]

The Great Books Series

Mr. Tom Hayden, in his lubricious memoir, suggests to all readers of a patriotic cast of mind the positive aspects of birth control and the gruesome side of left-wing amour:

Then, on a spring day in a New York hotel room, fresh from a trip to Vietnam, where she had seen women having children in the face of death, Jane was moved to create life as her answer to numb alienation. With a slight sigh, she stood behind me, naked, and whispered, "I want to have a child with you." With a tearful smile, I said yes.

[From Reunion: A Memoir, *by Tom Hayden. Random House, 1988]*

Washington Post

More of the pretty prose of young Ellen Goodman, describing dermatological conditions in America on the day Congresswoman Geraldine Ferraro was chosen as Walter Mondale's *numero duo*:

That summer morning, there was a televised wave of goose bumps skimming across the arms of millions of women. It was a moment matched only by the evening in San Francisco when this woman accepted her nomination, saying: "My name is Geraldine . . ."

[July 9, 1988]

The Great Books Series

A look in the mirror, a pat on the back, and another proclamation of self-love from a New Age Liberal:

Who Are the Cassandras?

When I look at the people who call themselves Cassandras, including the speakers at this conference, I see a lot of good, and a lot to work with. I see people who are extremely well informed, who go out of their way to keep themselves plugged into the world's information currents—people I know I can go to for the most recent data, or for a succinct summary of the latest hypotheses about acid rain or nuclear winter. Most of us are at home with numbers, equations, and theories and are clear thinkers. Most have as deep an understanding of the way the planet works as any other human beings have.

There is a moral side to this understanding. Not only do we study the workings of the planet, but we have some sort of personal identity with them. I do not know which comes first; we loved the earth, so we chose to study it, or we studied the earth, and thereby fell in love with it. In any case I know that I feel real pain when I see a bulldozer scooping up the topsoil or a forest being clear-cut. Something of me has been hurt. I think that most of us "environmentalists" feel that way. We are motivated to our work by an extended identity, one that goes beyond our own skins and our own comforts. I would call such extended identity, whether it extends to persons or things or ecosystems, love. We are motivated not by greed but by love.

The "Cassandras" I know are amazingly courageous. It takes courage as well as endurance to go out again and again to say things people do not want to hear, to listen to the names people call us as they ignore our warnings and go on with their depredations. It especially takes courage because most of us do not really think we will prevail. We are often frustrated, angry, sad, and lonely. We feel that we are voices crying in the wilderness *for* the wilderness. It would be so much simpler to be in some other business. But we keep at it, day after day, year after year.

[from The Cassandra Conference: Resources and the Human Predicament, *edited by Paul Ehrlich and John Holden. Texas A&M University Press, 1988]*

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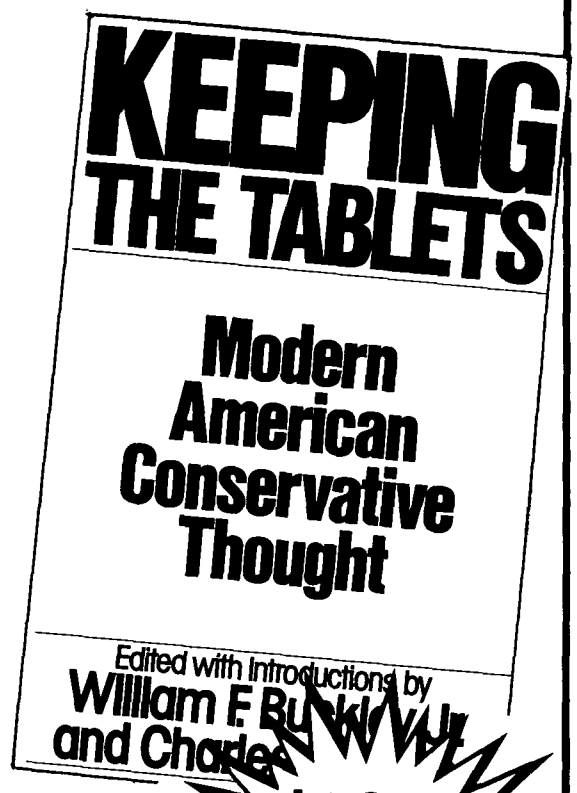

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